

AWARD BOOKS



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Eric Norman

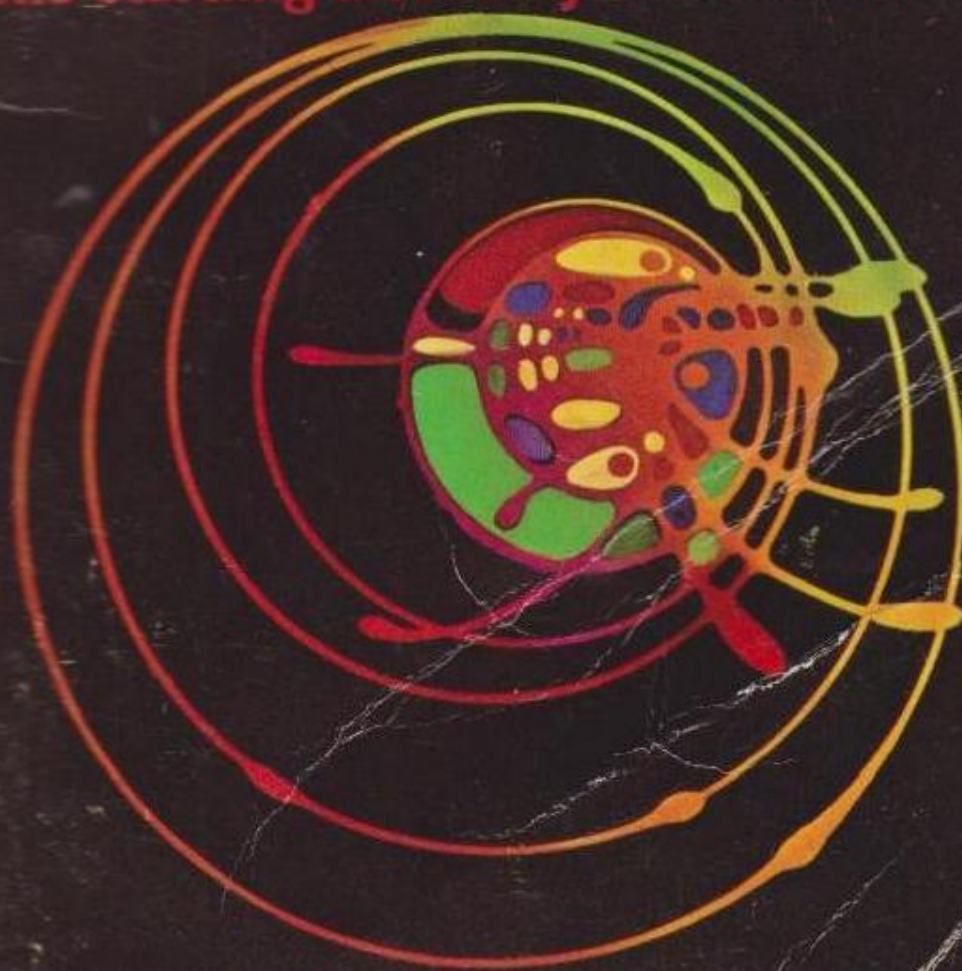
One of the  
most provocative books  
of the year!

Amazing, documented facts  
about the bizarre  
inhabitants of the center  
of the earth!

# THE UNDER-PEOPLE

The startling discovery of a lost world

THE UNDER-PEOPLE · ERIC NORMAN



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## **THE "UNDER-PEOPLE"**

Who are they? Do they really exist deep within the bowels of the earth? Can they be reached, reasoned with? Are they dangerous?

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## **THE SHAVER MYSTERY**

Is it a hoax—or a phenomenal breakthrough into inner-planetary life?

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## **THE INNER WORLD**

How much actual evidence do archeologists have of its existence? Can folk legend formerly construed as fantasy now be considered fact? How credible are the sworn testimonies of many who claim to have visited this center-earth society?

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## **THE HOLLOW EARTH...**

An extraordinary compendium of facts, information and theories that go beyond the realm of speculation to present a fascinating possibility . . . a possibility of life beneath the surface of our known world . . . a possibility no reader will be able to ignore!

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## TROLLS, DWARFS, GNOMES . . .

little people from the center of the earth, all a permanent part of the folk-literature of every culture on our planet.

But are they simply fantasies?

Perhaps not—for in this astounding volume, Eric Norman shows how such tales may contain vital threads which, when woven together, enable us to perceive a discernible, if frightening, pattern of almost-human underground life.

Whether you're a believer or a confirmed skeptic, the multi-cultural testimonies, myths, archeological evidence and documented reports about the mysteries of the Inner Earth are guaranteed to set you thinking . . . and hold you spellbound from cover to cover.

### THE UNDER-PEOPLE

The startling discovery of a lost world!

# THE UNDER-PEOPLE

Eric Norman



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NEW YORK



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**THE UNDER-PEOPLE**

## CHAPTER ONE

### The Legends of the Under-people

Come along on a journey into the bizarre world of the hollow earth, the home of the Under-People.

The purpose of our extensive exploration is to obtain a factual, unbiased report on one of the most fascinating of the many occult mysteries—the popular belief that our planet is a hollow sphere and the “inner land” is populated by an advance race. These alien beings are said to dwell inside the interior of the earth in a civilization of superior technology. As we shall see, the hollow earth theory is a strange and curious one, often dotted with the icons of imaginative fantasy. It is ringed by the lunatic fringe and cloaked in a powerful aura of mystery. Despite such admitted shortcomings, past researchers and present believers have produced a surprising amount of circumstantial evidence to support their curious contention.

“At first, one is absolutely staggered by the immensity of the theory,” admitted a Midwest college professor, whose interest in the occult has led to research on the hollow earth hypothesis. “Such a theory seems

antiquated in a time when our astronauts have walked on the surface of the moon. This is a time when mankind has raised its collective eyes, and hopes, to the distant stars. Yet, in this age of rocketry and space travel, we know surprisingly little about our mother planet, the earth.

"Science can inform us on the composition of moon rocks," he continued. "Learned scholars have an almost unlimited budget to probe the other planets. Yet, with all of this amazing technology, our scientists cannot pin-point the location of the north or south magnetic poles. We can't define gravity. We don't know the depth of the earth's crust. Our polar regions remain unmapped, unsurveyed, and comprise a vast region of the great unknown. It is paradoxical."

As we move deeper into our study of the hollow earth and its Under-People, we will meet some paradoxical statements. There are nearly as many theories as there are believers. Certain researchers swear the earth is shaped like a giant doughnut and that "holes at the poles" provide an entrance into this inner land. "Not so!" shouts another group. "Entrance to the interior world can be gained only by entering a cave and discovering the subterranean tunnels."

Who lives in the inner earth?

"The descendants of the Atlanteans," maintains one occult group. "A select number of 'chosen' people went into the inner earth shortly before Atlantis was destroyed."

Others disagree, saying, "The hollow earth is inhabited by elves, fairies, leprechauns and giants. Our ancestors were right. These strange beings do exist and, from time to time, they walk among the surface people."

"The Masters live there, a friendly group who

watch over the outer world," says another group of believers.

Still others tremble at the question. "The *dero* dwells within!" they say. A squat, wiry tribe of lustful demons, the *dero* plagues mankind and delights in tormenting those who live on the surface.

"They [the Under-People] are vegetarians," claim some researchers.

"They are cannibals!" swear others. "Humans are kidnapped and dragged into their dark caverns for pagan feasts."

"They are good!"

"They are evil. . . ."

"... They are both good and evil. Different races live inside the earth!"

"... They are more advanced. They are sexless. They reproduce by test tube."

"... Nubile young girls are dragged into their nether world and assaulted by an evil tribe of animal-men."

The theories are many and, admittedly, the facts are often few. Frequently, we must depend on folklore and ancient scrolls for our research. Many of our ancestors were believers in the diverse tribes of inner earth and there are accurate statements, detailed information and considerable documentation to support their theories. Modern mankind, with only a few worthy exceptions, scoffs at the notion of a hollow earth, populated by Under-People. There is very little literature available from our own generation. Mankind tends to be wary of any theory that is not supported by the Establishment, just as Columbus and his "round earth" theory were ridiculed in fifteenth-century Europe.

Depending on your viewpoint and your bias toward the occult, the pages that follow can be inter-

preted in many different ways. A psychologically trained individual might feel that these are excellent case studies of individuals with severe psychopathologies. Freudians would find rich symbolism in the hollow earth theory; they might claim it is a manifestation of a desire to recapture the lost security of the womb. Still others may feel the theory is constructed on misinterpretation of natural phenomena. Occult research is accelerating and, as facts replace folklore, we will discover the truth of the hollow earth.

It was the cold, blustery, winter evening of December 27, 1666, when Dr. John Frederick Schweitzer entertained his remarkable visitor. Throughout Europe, noblemen and peasants were celebrating Christmas and the good doctor utilized his vacation to conduct a vast number of experiments in his laboratory. Soon, the results of those experiments would be carefully scribbled into a large journal and sent to alchemists throughout Europe. It was Dr. Schweitzer's secret that he was also known as "Helvetius the Alchemist."

"Helvetius" was puttering in his laboratory, cleaning instruments after a long series of experiments, when a loud knock sounded on the door. "I opened the door and this strange man walked into my workshop," Helvetius recorded later. "He was a sturdy, gray-haired man, but there was a slimness to his body and a vigor in his movement. His face was oddly warm and friendly."

The stranger walked confidently into the laboratory. He shook the folds of his white robe and snowflakes fell to the floor. He looked directly at Helvetius and asked, "Do you believe in the Philosopher's Stone?"

Helvetius suppressed an impulse to ridicule the bizarre costume worn by the stranger. "The philosopher's stone is a mere figment of alchemical over-imagination," he said, arrogantly. "I believe in the oneness of nature. There is a natural pattern to the universe. It is sheer fancy to believe base metals can be transmuted into precious gold. Some alchemists have excluded mysticism from their laboratory. In this room, the reality of the soul and spirit exists with facts."

The stranger smiled and took a small package from under his robe. "Others of your kind are not so skeptical," he explained. "They have seen this substance turn lead into gold. Perhaps you would like to try."

Helvetius accepted the package from the stranger. Later, he described its contents as "some form of glass, or a pale sulfurous substance." The stranger carefully instructed the skeptical alchemist in the relatively simple experiment. Plain, ordinary lead was placed in a crucible and melted to a bubbling mass.

"Encase the substance in fine yellow wax and toss it into the crucible," directed the stranger.

Helvetius followed the instructions and, as steam and vapor disappeared from the container, he watched, incredulous, as the lead seemingly was transformed into the purest of gold.

"A skeptic becomes a believer," the stranger remarked, smiling.

Helvetius looked as if he were about to argue, then turned suddenly and slumped into a chair. "Is it really gold?" he whispered hoarsely.

"The purest form of the metal."

"Who are you?"

"A man who directs those who lead their people."

"Where are you from?"

"I am one of those who dwells within the earth," the stranger replied. "When events make it necessary, we must come to the surface."

Helvetius stuttered with confusion, his tongue stumbling over the questions racing through his mind as his white robed visitor prepared to leave the laboratory. "Stay . . . Wait! . . . I want to know—" he mumbled.

"There are others to see," the stranger said. "Here is one more package of the substance. It is the real Philosopher's Stone." Then he opened the door and disappeared into the darkness.

Helvetius dashed to the open doorway and watched the cloak-shrouded figure disappear into the snow-storm. He shook his head in disbelief and looked again. There was the lane leading down to the town. There were the lights in the church, the houses, the town—and the stranger's tracks in the snow.

Helvetius conducted his second experiment that night. Again, the lead bubbled with golden fury when the substance was added to the crucible. Forgetting his lack of sleep, Helvetius was waiting at the shop of the goldsmith to the Duke of Orange when the craftsman opened his door. The goldsmith listened to the babbling alchemist and frowned when he heard the phrase "lead into gold." But, when the goldsmith examined the precious metal, he said solemnly, "It is the finest gold I have ever seen."

News of the sensational transformation spread throughout Europe and scores of famous men journeyed to Helvetius' laboratory. Baruch Spinoza, the Dutch philosopher, was one of the first visitors. He discussed the transmutation with Helvetius and the goldsmith. "I checked the laboratory, and, additionally, made a careful examination of the crucible,"

Spinoza later recorded, "Clinging to the sides of the container were flecks of remaining gold!"

If there is a civilization hidden within the earth's interior, we may discover that many of the ancient alchemical formulas are a link to solving the mystery. The word "alchemist" frequently conjures up an image of a bearded fanatic driven by a greed for gold. Actually, out of the ancient laboratories came some of the world's greatest discoveries.

Albertus Mangus (1193-1280) is credited with the discovery of caustic potash. Albert le Grand produced potassium lye; Raymond Lull made the first preparation of bicarbonate of potassium and Basil Valentine discovered hydrochloric acid. Johann Frederick Boettcher was the first European chemist to produce porcelain and Paracelsus was the first scientist to accurately describe the properties of zinc.

Throughout their research, these intellectual giants were obsessed with discovering the properties of the Philosopher's Stone. Actually, it was not a stone they sought, but a phrase for the *prima materia*—the first matter, the very essence of existence, the universal key to all mysteries. In their quest for the mystical stone, Medieval and Renaissance alchemists recorded their experiments in photography, aerial flight, surgery, radio transmission, voice recording and many other tests.

Today, the musty journals of the alchemists gather dust in the world's libraries. Altogether, there are more than 100,000 ancient volumes written in a Latin code that only a few modern researchers can decipher. Unlike our modern scientists, these ancient experimenters were surrounded by superstitious masses; a church used the torture chambers to punish alleged

heresy and a monarchy more interested in gold than knowledge.

"It doesn't take a bright individual to understand why the alchemists wrote in code," declared a researcher. "Their lives depended upon their secrecy."

Recently, there have been several commercial reproductions of alchemical formulas. One such formula depicts a man in the center of a circle, imprisoned by forms representing the planets. The wording reads: *Visita Interiora Terrae Recticamdo Invenies Occultum Lapidem*. Roughly translated, the formula bids the seeker to search the inner earth in quest of the stone of secret wisdom (the Philosopher's Stone).

If we allow our imagination to soar for a moment, we might conclude that members of this adventurous society of experimenters were directed by members of a more intelligent civilization. Even the most skeptical of witnesses were frequently astonished with some of their seemingly bizarre experiments and, we might conclude, they did discover the mystical Philosopher's Stone.

"... It is a substance that ties together all colors, all material," said Khalid, the Arabian alchemist.

"... The substance is dark red in appearance," recorded Paracelsus.

"... the right formula of sulfur and mercury are necessary to produce an infallible Philosopher's Stone," wrote Albertus Mangus.

Is the transmutation of lead into gold an idle dream of demented and reclusive chemists? Not according to King Henry IV of England. In 1404, His Royal Highness decreed: "From now on, no man shall, under the penalty of felony, or death, multiply gold or silver."

Pepin the Short, the pint-sized father of Emperor

Charlemagne, was the founder of the Brunia Monastery in the fabled Trier region of ancient Prussia. In A.D. 1138, a strange series of events culminated in an unusual visitation by a bizarre little man.

There had been several nocturnal visitations to the monastery's wine cellar and its steward voiced his suspicions to the abbot: "The monks are slipping into the wine cellar and sampling the casks."

The abbot frowned at the thought of a possible scandal and asked, "When did this begin?"

"It's been going on for several months. I didn't mind it when they only took a cup or two," explained the embarrassed monk. "Last night, the culprit tapped a huge cask and forgot to stop the bunghole. A whole keg of wine drained out onto the cellar floor."

The abbot hurried to the cellar, inspected the damage, then carefully tapped the bunghole in each of the huge casks. He annointed the cellar with holy water, securely locked the door and placed a saint's relic above the entrance, declaring, "None of our monks would dare to transgress against the power of the Cross."

The following morning, a sleepy-eyed abbot unlocked the cellar door and squinted into the dim room. Followed by a group of curious monks, the abbot discovered that another keg of wine had been tapped; the floor was covered with the rich, red liquid. Suddenly, the abbot spotted a movement in the dark shadows in the far corner of the cellar. "There's the thief," he shouted. "Grab the transgressor and prepare him for punishment!"

Two burly monks rushed forward and grabbed the shadowy figure. They carried the struggling thief into the light and the abbot stared in wonder at a dark-skinned dwarf, who glared back in impassive silence.

"Are you a Nubian? How did you get in our wine cellar?" inquired the abbot.

The strange little man would not speak.

"Do you have parents?" the abbot asked.

"Here! Here! This fellow got in through the wall," called a monk, pointing to a displaced stone that covered a small tunnel leading down into the earth. The bewildered monks crowded around the secret tunnel as one quaking novice suggested the tunnel must lead to the Devil's lair. An older monk spoke knowingly of subterranean demons who delighted in tormenting those who had taken the vows.

Despite his crime, the captured dwarf was accepted into the society of holy men. "He looks human and the least we can do is provide the poor child with a Christian education," the abbot said. But, in spite of the kindnesses shown him by the monks, the dwarf refused to utter a single word. He sat quietly on a bed in a cross-legged position, staring directly ahead and refusing all food and drink. After several weeks of fasting, the monastery dwellers were concerned for the life of their visitor and a visiting bishop was asked for his advice as the dwarf was brought into the great hall and introduced to him.

"Good Lord! You must expell this Devil's child at once!" the alarmed bishop shouted. "He is a demon and the tool of the devil!"

Gervase, a monk at Christ Church, Canterbury, England, later inscribed this strange ending to the dwarf's appearance in his manuscripts: "... The demon ran in alarm from the holy words. He went to the cellar and returned to his underworld tribe!"

The monastic scribes produced hundreds of manuscripts with stories of visits from demons, evil apparitions and other "devils" from the vast subterranean world. They were adamant in their belief that

a nether world, an underworld, existed beneath the surface. Many of these manuscripts told of long tunnels and deep caves that led down into this inner world.

A thirteenth-century historian, Saxo-Gammaticus, wrote down the folklore and myths of Scandinavia. He recorded the ancient Viking belief in "Hadding Land," a subterranean world where giants, superhumans, tribes of black dwarfs and "snake people" lived. These strange beings, and even stranger animals, were said to occasionally surface in our outer world and create chaos. The church was violently opposed to these beliefs and condemned such theories as "ignorant superstitions." Gradually, such tales lost their element of fact and truth and became a part of the folklore of northern Europe.

In Vol. 1, No. 6 of the *Newsletter for the Committee for the Scientific Evaluation of Psi*, there is a fascinating account of a laborer in Staffordshire, England, who may have glimpsed, for a moment, the mechanical development of the aliens within the inner earth. Researcher Ronald Calais told of a tunnel laborer, digging underground in 1770, who heard a roaring sound behind a large, flat stone. Curious, he pried away the stone with pick and crowbar and was amazed to see a smooth stone stairway leading down into the earth. The laborer's first thought was that he had discovered some type of ancient tomb. Envisioning vast chests of ancient treasures, he cautiously walked down the stairs. Suddenly, the stairway ended and the man was standing in a large stone cavern, filled with gigantic machines. The astonished laborer glanced about the well-lit room, then saw hastening toward him a strangely-clad, hooded figure. The being held a baton-like object in his upraised hand

and the terrified laborer scrambled back up the stairway to safety.

Calais also related the experience of coal miners David Fellin and Henry Thorne. After their escape from a mine cave-in in Pennsylvania, the two men told of seeing a huge door illuminated by a blue light. The two miners claimed to have watched the door open and to have seen a group of men, dressed in "weird outfits," standing on a beautiful marble stairway.

Another enigmatic piece of evidence was uncovered by Tom Kenny of Pleateau Spring, Colorado, in 1936, when he was excavating a cellar to store vegetables. Kenny had dug ten feet into the earth of the Rocky Mountains when his spade struck a sharp object. Astonished, he discovered his digging was blocked by a level pavement, composed of smooth, carefully-laid tiles, handcrafted to an exact five inches square.

Subsequent analysis of the discovery revealed the mortar was of a different substance than the materials found in the area. The strange pavement still is there today and no one knows where it starts, or ends. A similar "road" was unearthed near Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, a few years ago; scores of wide, neatly-chiseled stone slabs had been placed carefully together to form a subterranean road.

The possibility of another entrance into the subterranean world was discovered in Hammondsville, Ohio, in the spring of 1868. At a strip mine operated by Captain Edward Lacy, coal miner James Parsons was blasting a huge vein of coal out of the mountainside when his first explosion uncovered a large, smooth door. The slate-like structure was covered with unusual hieroglyphics.

"... Hundreds of people have crowded into the pit

to see this strange device," a reporter wrote shortly after the discovery. But, after a few days, the local residents lost interest in the discovery and mining continued on the property. Historical accounts indicate that the doorway was covered with earth from subsequent mining. It became just another of the mysterious links with a possible inner world, perhaps lost forever.

More stairs leading down into the inner earth can be examined in North Salem, Massachusetts. Neatly buried on top of a small hill near the village are twenty-two stone structures, strange evidence of an alien civilization. The ruins have been the subject of some extremely controversial debates since their discovery. Bewildered scientists have inspected the unusual structures and walked away confusedly mumbling to themselves. There is an enormous, four-ton stone slab that resembles the ancient stone altars used for pagan sacrifices. It even has a groove for drainage of blood and carved on one side are a gazelle's head, a bull's head and a stone axe, mute faded testimonies to some ancient sculptor. Too, there is an intriguing cylinder, made of stone and nearly buried in the earth. Many early investigators believed the structure was a water well, as it then was almost filled with water. But, when the well was drained by engineers, a group of astonished scientists discovered a flight of stone stairs leading down into the earth.

"The stairway is blocked by several huge stones, possibly part of some ancient cave-in," a researcher recently wrote. "It would appear that these stones are possibly the walls, or the ceiling, of some gigantic underground tunnel or room. I have urged several universities to launch a thorough, complete investigation of these structures and the stairway in particular. As you know, this is just one of many reports of

stairways leading down into the earth. As these reports came from all corners of the world, there may be something below the surface worth considerable investigation."

Despite his enthusiasm for investigating those mysterious stairways, I am reminded of a comment in a recent publication: "Perhaps we should keep these (openings) carefully sealed and unopened."

The theory of an ancient, alien civilization of Under-People coexisting within the interior of our planet is admittedly a staggering proposal. However, as we have seen, there is an incredible mass of circumstantial evidence contained in folklore and history which supports such a hypothesis. Professor Henrique J. de Sousa, president of the Brazilian Theosophical Society, wrote: "Among all races of mankind, back to the dawn of time, there has existed a tradition concerning the existence of a Sacred Land, or Terrestrial Paradise, where the highest ideals of humanity were living realities."

Gunther Rosenberg, one of the founders and a former president of the European Occult Research Society, directed a group of researchers in a compilation of folklore concerning the Shangri-la-like paradise. "We discovered these beliefs in virtually all historical writings and verbal folklore in every part of the world," Rosenberg stated. "This included Europe, China, India, South America, Australia, Asia Minor and North America . . . These sacred cities, the tales claim, can only be known to persons who are pure in thought and body . . . The dream of this perfect paradise is a central theme in all of the races of mankind."

Rosenberg and his researchers discovered that the

Brethren of the Rosy Cross (Rosicrucians) plastered the walls of Paris with occult posters in 1622. The posters declared that the Brethren were infiltrating into Parisian society to save the city from the terror of death. The secret society used the password "*vitriol*," composed of the first letters of the phrase "*vista interiora terrae rectificando invennes omnia lapidem*"—another admonition to find esoteric secrets in the chambers of inner earth. "The Rosicrucians seemed to believe that the key to this marvelous subterranean world was through initiation," Rosenberg wrote. "The master was to lead the adept through an arduous program of study." Too, according to Rosenberg:

"The Scandinavian legends tell of the world of '*Ultima Thule*,' a tropical paradise in the north. Many people have felt that *Ultima Thule* was Greenland, yet that land is covered by a vast ice cap. In ancient Greece, the people longed for the Elysian Fields and the mysterious land of the Delphi. The Egyptians called it the 'land of heaven' in their ancient Book of the Dead.

"In Asia Minor, many folk tales talk about the magic city of Shamballah. It is here that the temple of golden flowers is said to be the garden of the Gods. The Persians called it the city of their ancestors. The Hebrews refer to this mythical land as Canaan. When the Conquistadores arrived in the New World, they were told by natives of a fantastically wealthy land. The Spaniards called this *El Dorado*, or the Seven Cities of Gold. Scores of expeditions were launched to locate these rich communities. None succeeded. The Aztecs may have known of a tunnel or a cavern leading underground to these cities of paradise. This would explain the swift removal of priceless treasures from the Aztec empire."

Rosenberg and his staff also discovered the Chinese

legends which speak of the "land of a thousand serpents." Those Oriental tales proclaimed a beautiful world in the interior of the earth. "We also translated ancient scrolls and manuscripts from the middle ages," Rosenberg said. "The story of the Isle of Avalon, Camelot, and the Knights of the Round Table and their fabulous leader, King Arthur, may have been an account of a search for these fabulous inner earth civilizations. One tale relates that Merlin the Magician was, in reality, a master teacher from the subterranean world. He counseled King Arthur and his knights in truth, equality, and obedience to the quest for justice.

"Germanic folklore tells of the land where the inner people live. A similar legend can be found in Persia," Rosenberg noted. "Wherever you go in the surface world, there are stories about the inner earth. Thomas More's Utopia, the Shangri-la of the Tibetan monks, and the happy hunting ground of your American Indians are all the same legend. There is either a longing among all mankind for a perfect society, or else we have a very close link with beings from the hollow earth."

An extremely fascinating legend was told to the Spanish conquerors when they came to Mexico in quest for gold and glory. The *Conquistadores*, hardy horse soldiers, were accompanied by numerous priests who hoped to convert the "pagan" Indians to Christianity. Many of the Indians readily accepted Christianity; it was better than burning at the stake or slaving in a silver mine. But one group was reluctant to give up their beliefs. Hostile, tight-lipped and suspicious of all white men, the Zuni Indians were a secretive group who seldom welcomed an outsider. They were a persistent, almost mysterious, problem to the Spaniards.

"We should move them from those deserts and bring them into the cities," a kind-hearted Spanish nobleman suggested one afternoon. "They certainly can't live in those dry lands."

"I have been to their pueblo cities," a captain of the *Conquistadores* replied. "They have lush fields of corn and grain growing in the desert."

"But water is rare there," the nobleman said.

"Their wise men tell them where to plant their crops. It is the tallest corn in the land," the captain said.

The Zuni Indians often sought the advice of their tribal elders. Those wrinkled wise men said the Zuni had come *out of the earth* many moons ago. They were led by a man and woman, magical beings who possessed the absolute powers of evil and good.

The magicians possessed the maise (corn) seeds which they planted for the Zuni. Although the seeds were planted in an arid area, they blossomed and sprouted into a hearty stand of corn. "For many years our people lived there and prospered," the wise men told their Zuni listeners. "Then, we migrated and searched for the Middle Place of the World. Our ancestors wished to return to paradise. They searched for the entrance to the Middle World, but were unable to locate the right cave.

"They were walking in the desert one afternoon, a time when the sun burned like fire, when a magician from the Middle World walked among them," declared the wise men. "The Magician led them to this place and directed our people to build these homes." The old man's wrinkled arms made a sweeping arc toward the pueblos and the vast network of apartments carved out of stone. "We have lived here since then."

Some researchers have combed the manuscripts of

antiquity and concluded that the subterranean beings, the Under-People, have visited their surface cousins to provide beneficial instruction. "*Ramayana*, the Indian legend of a benevolent master, was said to have arrived among the Indians from an inner world," reported Gunther Rosenberg, the European occult authority.

Rosenberg also cited the legend of Quetzacoatl as another of those mysterious prehistoric figures. "He was considered the white savior of the Aztecs and the Mayans," Rosenberg said. "He was a great prophet, whose journey has been recorded in legends in both North and South America. He was worshipped as a leader by widely scattered Indian tribes in all of these countries and particularly in Mexico, Yucatan and Guatamala. "Quetzacoatl is described in ancient manuscripts as a tall, bearded white man," Rosenberg continued. "He appeared many centuries before the first recorded landing of a European in the New World. An extremely wise man, Quetzacoatl gave laws to the Indians, pacified their pagan traditions and taught them to be successful agriculturalists."

The legend of Quetzacoatl remained in the Aztec teachings for hundreds of years and lead directly to the fall of the empire. When Hernando Cortez invaded Mexico with his band of white Spanish warriors, there was jubilation in the capital city because Montezuma, the proud Aztec emperor, believed Quetzacoatl had returned to fulfill his prophesy, and Quetzacoatl was a white man as were the men moving inland from the sea. "And, while the emperor and the priests waited for their prophet, Cortez and his band of adventurers overran the city," remarked Rosenberg.

There is an equally persistent legend in Peru concerning *Viracocha*, an ancient white God who was

considered so worthy that only special families in a tribe were allowed to worship in his richly appointed temples.

Where did *Viracocha* come from?

"Up from the earth," the Peruvian wise men claimed.

Regardless of his residence, *Viracocha* also walked through the Incan lands, educating the Indians in farming and law and, like Quetzacoatl, promising to return when he was needed.

"Cusi Yupanqui was one of the ancient Incan kings," declared Rosenberg. "Cusi was considered a lazy young man and, as punishment, his father dismissed him from the royal court and sent the youth out to the mountain slopes to work as a swineherd."

Cusi, a curious fellow who frequently prowled through the mountain caves in search of treasure, was standing in a low valley one sunny afternoon, looking up to a network of caverns in a mountain side, when a bearded stranger in a white, flowing robe appeared at the entrance to a cave.

"I come from the other world," the bizarre visitor announced. "You must warn your father, the emperor, that his kingdom is endangered by the tribe to the west. Their warriors are now preparing for battle. Go, now, and warn your father."

Cusi dashed down the mountains and raced to his father's palace in the lowlands. He brushed past the palace guards and, breathless, blurted the warning to his father. "Prepare for battle," he pleaded. "Enemy warriors are on their way."

"You have been out with the animals too long," ridiculed the cruel father. "The heat has fevered the juices of your tiny brain."

It was a mere hour later that the proud, fierce warriors from the Chancas tribe poured into the

Quechua Valley, overran the capital city of Cuzco and chased the cruel king out of the land. After chastising the king, the Chancas army withdrew and Cusi Yupanqui subsequently was elected as the Ninth Incas king. Cusi was named "Pachacuti the First," which meant, "He Who Changes the World." Throughout his long, benevolent reign, Cusi was said to frequently return to the mountain valley for counsel from the white-robed, bearded adviser who taught the king about justice, humanity and equality.

What truths are there in these many legends? Can there actually be factual data behind these patterns of fascinating folklore? Is there an advanced civilization of Under-People inside the earth's interior? Are there secret openings in various caves and caverns which lead down into this underworld?

Can it be possible that out of these tales of utopias, paradises and strange visitors from unknown lands, a slender thread of reality exists? The shocking suggestion could unleash one of the most frightening discoveries of the ages.

## CHAPTER TWO

### Strange Caverns and Terrifying Tunnels

Conquest in South America was natives hacked to death by Spanish swords, arrogant priests absolving *Conquistadores* for their murderous atrocities, sharp Toledo steel lances running through children and, pervading it all, a dark lust for native gold.

In the autumn of 1582, Francisco Pizarro hid his 168 Spanish horse soldiers behind the doorways and walls of the Incan town of Cajamarca. Atahualpa, the absolute emperor of the sun-worshipping Incas empire, had agreed to meet Pizarro in the village plaza. Atahualpa's procession entered the village with a flair of pageantry. Incan warriors and the emperor's litter bearers were dressed in the finest cloth. The Royal Guard were armed with spiked helmets, feathered war clubs, poison-tipped lances and dazzling gold-inlaid swords. Thick gold bracelets encircled their bronze wrists and rich silver discs dangled from their pierced ear lobes.

Pizarro and his *Conquistadores* remained hidden behind their guns and cannons as Atahualpa and his entourage entered the main plaza. "It is like leading

hogs to the killing pen," Pizarro sneered. The bandy-legged Spaniard knew hogs; prior to his service for Spain's king, Pizarro had been a swineherd in the province of Estremadura. He lived by a harsh personal code that equated kindness with weakness; deceit was the trick of a clever man and lying, duplicity and thievery were proper.

Atahualpa's group stirred nervously when they found no sign of the visitors to their land. Spanish fingers twitched on gun triggers and a hawk-faced soldier stood ready to torch a cannon. Suddenly, a solitary figure left a building and walked into the plaza. He was dressed in the faded robe of a Dominican friar. His bald head glistened in the sun as his cold, beady eyes glanced contemptuously toward the Incan emperor.

Friar Vincente Valverde announced that all of South America now belonged to the king of Spain. He stared coldly at the emperor and snapped, "The Papal Bull of 1493 provides this right. You must now stop worshipping your pagan Sun God and embrace the true faith." He handed a small black Bible to the Inca ruler.

Proud and regal, Atahualpa glared at the haughty friar before him. "Your Pope must be crazy to give away land that does not belong to him," he said, then tossed the Bible into the dust.

The friar was stunned momentarily, then he turned and ran toward the safety of a building, shouting: "Pizarro, attack, attack! Kill all of them! I will absolve you!"

With hoarse cries of "*Santiago!*", the Spaniards slaughtered the unsuspecting Inca warriors. In a few minutes the battle was over; the emperor's royal guard was dead, or dying, in the bloodstained dust of the plaza and Atahualpa was a prisoner of Pizarro.

Greedy Spanish hands ripped the emerald necklace from his body. A wild gleam entered Pizarro's eyes when the emperor handed over his exquisitely carved bracelets of thick gold.

"I want my freedom," Atahualpa informed Pizarro. "I will fill this room with gold for a ransom." The room was 17 feet wide and 22 feet long! The emperor's subjects delivered \$8,443,456 in gold to Pizarro and, afterward, Pizarro and Friar Vincente Valverde condemned Atahualpa to be burned alive at a stake.

While the Spaniards were burning the emperor, a pack train of 11,000 llamas was headed toward the Spanish encampment. Each beast was burdened by a heavy load of gold. Native messengers brought news of the Inca king's death—and the fantastic caravan disappeared! During the past centuries, thousands of gold-greedy adventurers have searched for the "loot of the 11,000 llamas." None has discovered a single clue to the treasure's site.

Believers in the Under-People theory are firm in their contention that the Incan llamas disappeared into a gigantic tunnel that led to the inner earth kingdoms. "Even the population figures show that these conquered people outwitted their bestial conquerors," according to one South American researcher. "Incan census figures reveal that there was 10,000,000 subjects when the Spaniards arrived. Forty years later, in 1571, the Spaniards took a census. There was approximately 1,000,000 Indians. I admit that the Spanish method of slave labor took a tremendous toll. But could 9,000,000 Incans have died in Spanish mines?"

Alexander von Humboldt, a German scientist and explorer, visited Calamarca in 1802. A ragged, hungry Inca guide led him through what remained of the royal palace. "Beneath our feet are the subterranean

chambers of the Inca," the guide confided. "A network of tunnels and rooms lead down to the hidden gardens."

"Have you ever been below?" von Humboldt asked.

"It is forbidden to enter those lands," the guide said. "Those who try lose their way in the tunnels. They never return to the surface. An old woman in the village is the only person to have seen the golden lands. She walked for many hours, marking her progress so she could retrace her route, and she discovered a marvelous underground garden. There were abundant fruit trees and song birds were perched on their limbs. She saw vast treasures of gold and emeralds. She wanted to return again, to bring tons of treasure to our world, but her husband forbade her to disturb the Gods."

The enigma of Incan treasures has not been solved. "It is concealed in the tunnels," is the persistent belief in the land of these ancient people. Another equally baffling phenomenon is the "Nazca Lines," which occultists allege are connected with the mysteries of the inner earth. Centuries ago, some unknown race scraped away a layer of dark rocks to reveal yellow subsoil. There are curved, straight and zig-zag lines. The outline of a bird stretches 787 feet in height. A 262-foot monkey form also is outlined in the soil, as is a gigantic whale.

Additional interest in Incan tunnels and caverns was triggered in March, 1960, when Ray Palmer's *Search* magazine published an article entitled "*I Found Shaver's Caves.*" The editor commented:

"The editors of *SEARCH* present here a strange manuscript, or rather, a letter, from a man who claims to be a descendent of the Incas. Although he signed his name, he has asked us to withhold it for reasons of safety for himself and his family. We present his

information with no comment other than it is presented as received. . . ." The article reads:

"I am descended from the Inca race, which disappeared in a tunnel when the Spaniards invaded their country, and continued to live in subterranean cities. The Incas were a race of vegetarians and pacifists, and when the Spaniards came to attack them, they did not fight, but escaped into tunnels and disappeared from the world.

"During all of my life I have been searching for my lost race and have traveled to many countries, as far north as Mexico, also in Venezuela, Chile, Paraguay, Argentina, Uruguay, and all parts of Brazil, investigating tunnels to find an entrance to the subterranean world. But I could not find anything and lost (through swindlers . . .) and spent more than 1,800,000 cruzieros, or the equivalent of \$36,000.

"After my money was gone I worked as a mechanic and saved money and with it, I continued my investigations. After searching all of the 21 states of Brazil and living a year in the Matto Grosso with the savages, I finally found what I sought.

"One day I went to a river to drink water. On the other side was a high mountain. I heard a powerful voice coming from the top of the mountain, yelling many times. I thought it was a person lost in the forest and asking for help. I swam the river to the other side and walked through the forest an hour and then climbed for two and a half hours. When I reached the top I found a hole in the ground. . . ."

The article continued, saying that, after returning to Joinerville, Brazil, for supplies, the "Inca" descended into the hole in the mountaintop. The hole was 330 feet deep and a tunnel at the bottom ran for

2,000 meters and ended at a stone door. The "Inca" was studying the door with a flashlight beam when the structure suddenly opened and a tall, muscular man with a powerful voice confronted the curious explorer. The guard was dressed in a metallic uniform. In response to a question concerning his identity, the being replied:

"I am an Atlantean-Inca, the guardian of this door, what are you searching for?"

"I am an Incan. I'm searching for my race," the Brazilian replied.

Following an exploratory conversation, the Inca was told to bring photographs of his wife, children and others who might wish to enter the subterranean world. "If they are found acceptable, I will give permission for you to enter," the guard said.

On a second visit to the tunnel, the Inca claimed to have been given a lecture on the dangers of radioactivity in our world's atmosphere. He was also asked to stand before a transparent screen and exchange blood with the subterranean being "to preserve the secret of the tunnel." Afterward, he was placed inside a plastic decompression chamber and, after purification, placed inside a capsule and subjected to "... a recording apparatus ... which was put on top of my head ... from which a tape emerged. ..."

The device was termed an "electrovisor" and allegedly allowed the subterranean guards to view what was happening in any area of the world. The "Inca" continued his account:

"... If any unworthy person comes near the mountain and tries to get to the tunnel opening, certain rays confuse the person's mind, so that he is unable to continue the trip and will go off in a wrong direction.

"I had some bread in a pocket. He told me not to

eat the bread. He put a white pill in my hand . . . and told me this pill had the taste of many fruits and that his people lived entirely on it. I believe it is a concentrate of the vitamins of fruits . . .

"When newcomers enter, they first enter the capsule . . . (which) carries them to the decompression chamber. The door of the capsule opens, the person leaves the capsule, takes off his clothing, then the chamber becomes filled with vapor which draws forth radioactive poisons from his body. The person . . . dressed in other clothing . . . enters an "electronic apparatus," which carries him to the center of the earth . . ."

The magazine published the "Inca's" address as: Post Office Box 485, Joinaville, Santa Catarina, Brazil. " . . . Without actually accepting the invitation of the Inca to go to these caverns with him, nothing further can be said, one way or the other," commented editor Palmer, who withheld the writer's real name for "reasons which this account makes obvious."

This strange, seemingly mythical, article provides considerable material for thought and conversation. The site of the mountain containing the tunnel is not identified and the Brazilian Matto Grosso is a vast, virtually uncharted wilderness. Is he a "hollow earth" hoaxster with a vivid imagination? Or perhaps, if he has lost a fortune in fruitless quest for an underworld *El Dorado*, he might hope that such a fanciful tale will attract a small group of believers and bring prestige to some bankrupt Brazilian? Although the people who tell of adventures with the Under-People are apparently sincere, we must adopt an open-minded, yet skeptical, attitude. Above all, we need some device, some artifacts, to serve as evidence of the existence of that subterranean society.

There are many equally fascinating, and unsubstan-

tiated, stories of subsurface tunnels in South America. Brazil has long been a hot point of inner earth belief and several organizations devoted to its perpetuation maintain active chapters in the country's major cities. The discovery of a new hole in the ground, a strange cave, or an ancient temple will send a frantic horde of hollow earth investigators pouring into the locale. I have corresponded with several of these groups. Some of their letters read like the frantic scribblings of madmen. Others are rational, well written and fascinating, even if they are a bit bizarre. A sampling of this South American correspondence includes:

"... The well-known English explorer, Colonel Fawcett, disappeared in the jungles several years ago. He was searching for a tunnel entrance into the subterranean world in the Rancador Mountains when he disappeared. He was not killed by Indians. He is living in a cavern city beneath the Rancador mountains. His son, Jack, is also with him. They are well treated, but they are not allowed to return to the surface because they would reveal the location of the entrance.

"The entrance to the cavern city is carefully guarded by the Murcego Indian tribe. They are a ferocious, dark-skinned tribe with a highly developed sense of smell. You must obtain their approval before you can enter into the caverns. However, if they decide you are not worthy to share the secret, they will seldom allow you to return to civilization.

"There is a legend that the subterranean cities were originally constructed by the survivors of Atlantis. We don't know whether the present inhabitants are the descendants of the Atlanteans, or whether they died and there were other races who eventually wandered into the cavern cities and set-

tled there amid peaceful surroundings, abundance and happiness . . . .”

Another correspondent writes:

“ . . . at first I scoffed at such stories about mysterious tunnels and an alien civilization beneath the surface . . . I joined an inner earth group for the simple enjoyment of discussing outlandish ideas in a humorless, serious manner. Gradually, I became interested by the considerable volume of circumstantial evidence. I now believe the earth is absolutely honeycombed by a web of tunnels that run beneath the continents, under the oceans, and these passageways link the subterranean cities of the inner world.

“ . . . There are many reports concerning a vast tunnel called the ‘Roadway of the Incas’ which has an entrance somewhere in Peru. It runs south for more than a thousand miles. There is another entrance to this fabulous tunnel in the Desert of Atacamba in Chile. The ‘Highway of the Incas’ passes under Cuzco, the legendary city in Peru. There is another, smaller, but very well hidden entrance to the tunnel in the mountains near Machu Picchu, which is capital city of the first and last Inca emperor. It is called ‘The Lost City of the Incas’ and was not discovered until 1911 by an American, Hiram Bingham. It is considered the ‘Eighth Wonder of the World.’

“ . . . Everything at Machu Picchu is an excellent preservation . . . there are more than two hundred buildings constructed from white granite . . . fountains . . . shrines . . . and gigantic stairways carved from a single massive boulder . . . .

“ . . . This was a thriving city. It is intact except for the thatched roofs of the houses having deteriorated over the centuries . . . and, the doors are miss-

ing ... it is as if the inhabitants selected a single day and mysteriously vanished. Did they enter the 'Highway of the Incas' and migrate to the inner earth?"

Was this correspondent brainwashed by his colleagues to believe in the subterranean world? Or, was he a skeptical man who changed his mind in the face of a tremendous amount of information? His mention of the 'Highway of the Incas' strikes a familiar note among the hollow earth fraternity. A physician in Argentina has devoted his spare time to an investigation of this legendary inter-continental tunnel of the Under-People. He commented:

"... I have always been intrigued by the unknown and please convey my thanks to Dr. H— for providing this opportunity to publish my views. I am of the belief that there are two subterranean worlds. The cavern cities exist in cavities within the earth's crust. There is a larger, more populous civilization in the hollow center of the earth and entrance to that new land is made through openings in the north and south poles.

"... I started to investigate the 'Highway of the Incas' when I was a young, curious youth and I have hundreds of witnessed, notarized statements. These documents and tape recordings fill one room of my home. The Incas knew of the tunnel and, although gold was of little value to them, they hid their treasures in these caverns to keep it from the greedy Spanish conquerors. No one has provided a satisfactory explanation for their mysterious disappearance. There was an empire of several million people that vanished from the surface of the earth. They entered the tunnel and left the Quechua Indians behind. As few Incas have been seen since then, they possibly took up residence in a cavern

city or followed the tunnel to the interior of the earth.

"... The 'Highway' is the largest of the tunnels and it connects all continents. In addition to the openings in South America, there are entrances in Canada, in British Columbia; in America, you should investigate Mt. Shasta in California and Mt. St. Helena in Oregon. The tunnel is connected with Tibet and another opening in Central Asia. I believe the African entrance is in the Atlas mountains in the north of that continent.

"... I also suggest that you explore the 'highways' which have been found in the oceans. These ancient underworld civilizations may be mining our seas!"

In *New UFO Breakthrough* (Award Books, 1968), authors Brad Steiger and Joan Whritenour wrote a fact-filled chapter, entitled "The Mystery Under the Seas," in which they told of the discovery of an ocean highway:

"... In January, 1967, an undersea road off the coast of Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina was travelled by the *Aluminaut*, the world's deepest diving submarine. Discovered along a 150-mile by 100-mile area off the southern coast of the United States, the flat underwater terrace extends to depths of 3,000 feet and is paved with layers of manganese oxide.

"Arthur L. Markel, vice president and general manager of Reynolds Submarine Services Corporation, the operators of the submarine, told newsmen that "the Gulf Stream current evidently keeps the pavement swept clean of sediment so that it resembles a black top road.

"We attached wheels to the *Aluminaut* and it actu-

ally rode along the deposits as though it was on a country road."

"Captain George Houot, the French Naval Officer who recently descended in the bathyscaph *Archimede* to the deepest known point on the floor of the Atlantic, told reporters: 'We never thought we'd have to go down a five-mile flight of steps in a bathyscaph.'

"Houot and his second officer, Lieutenant Gerard de Froberville, explained to newsmen that their descent was complicated by having to negotiate eroded but almost perfectly formed stone steps, which had been carved into the solid rock of the continental shelf...."

Harold Wilkens, the author and archeologist, has expressed the theory that subterranean cities may possibly have been constructed to avoid deadly radioactive radiation, or fallout, after some historic nuclear war. Assuming such cavern cities do exist, it would explain the reason behind the great cost and labor utilized in their construction.

As we know, our American government maintains several underground "cities" beneath the surface. In the event of nuclear war, the President, his cabinet, and other high officials will be sped to sanctuary in the sub-surface cavities. Currently, we have missile silos, vast Strategic Air Command control rooms and other government installations beneath the surface of the earth.

American industry also is finding that there are distinct advantages to going "underground." Several firms offer underground storage of important business records. Old salt or limestone mines are being rejuvenated into low, dry record rooms. Illuminated by a network of electrical lights, serviced by electrical

fork lifts and scooters, such caves well may resemble the presently mythical 'Highway of the Incas.'

Perhaps, there is really nothing new under the sun—or the earth!

## CHAPTER THREE

### ONE GENESIS OF THE CAVE PEOPLE

For more than thirty years, Reverend Irene Farrier of Charlotte, Michigan, has studied the enigmas of the Under-People, the hollow earth, the UFO and the mysteries of man's psychic abilities. It was in the course of such study that Reverend Farrier encountered Mrs. Margaret "Maggie" Rogers, a remarkable woman who claimed to have spent more than three years with a highly advanced and benign culture which flourishes below the earth's surface. Mrs. Rogers prepared a manuscript which told of how the inner-earth dwellers came to be and how they functioned and interacted with earthman in modern times. Reverend Farrier has allowed Mrs. Rogers' manuscript to be summarized in this text and has included numerous notes and statements regarding the possibility of further contact with the Under-People who allegedly cared for Mrs. Rogers during a time of stress and need. Due to limitations of space, the manuscript has been condensed, but much of it shall be in Mrs. Rogers' own words.

Mrs. Rogers opens her book with herself seated in a cavernous room far beneath the surface of the earth. Wearing a *sorola* (translator helmet), she reads from the *Hedon Rogia*, the Holy Scrolls of the Under-People, the inhabitants of inner earth, in which the "true" story of the "Beginning" is revealed.

According to the scrolls, from infinite nothingness came the original God-being, vast in size and intelligence. When He who was called Tamil, the creator, became lonely as eons passed, He created a being in His own likeness, called Jas Wohl, meaning My Son. Then Tamil and Jas Wohl created from their own bodies 11 others, called Brothers, adult in size and full of God-like wisdom. Working together, They next planned worlds, with the world of Nephli in the center of four. From a bit of Themselves, they peopled Nephli with beings of great stature and intellect and called them the Nephilium, who were to serve as parents to the inhabitants of the other worlds.

Next, Tamil and the Twelve planned and created more worlds to fill the void of space and the suns to light them. And so Earth, as we call it, was formed. Called the world of *Hulij* (mixed races) by Tamil, it was colonized, via *Laata* (flying ships), by ten perfect couples from each race on the other planets, plus ten couples chosen from the best learned and most perfect of the Nephilium.

Meanwhile, in a secret laboratory, one of the original eleven "Brothers" of Tamil had experimented at creating man-life in a dozen different forms of intelligence. Finding they lacked the God-spark, he obtained it from Tamil, only to discover that 11 were perfect; the twelfth, defective. He turned a disintegrator on it and left the lab satisfied it was destroyed. A tiny bit survived, however, and drew strength from the emanations of the world around it. As it grew, it took

on a hideous form, while its knowledge and powers increased. But, when it realized it was ugly, compared to the wondrous-appearing inhabitants of the world around it, Hatred grew in it and the being wanted to destroy them. It saw how life was created and began to produce beings in its own likeness and plotted with them to take over the world.

Tamil became aware of the evil one's plotting and, not wanting to destroy it because it contained a God-spark from Himself, exiled the creature, whom He called Janza, and its followers, the Janzites and Sorns, to a planet of their own. From that orb, through the eons, the hosts of Janza multiplied and traveled to other worlds, sowing the seeds of discord, chaos and war through the bodies of those they inhabited.

So it was that descendants of Janza came to be among the chosen colonizers and they spread their poison among kindred rebels on the new world until such time as they felt ready to rise up and conquer the God-like beings. Learning of their plans, the Brotherhood summoned Laris, a "high one," and spoke to him through a voice, warning of the forthcoming uprising.

"What shall we do, oh high one?" Laris asked of the voice. "Obliterate them, or shall we allow them to slay us?"

"Neither," replied the voice, "Heed me well, you shall take now of all the elders, those which are the most adept in handling the giant borer and during all the hours of darkness you shall toil making a tunnel slanting down into the inner world. This should only take a day or so. When this is done, move the stone of Ixtli (the stone of Life) to the place where I shall guide you by telepathy. Next you shall gather all the peoples who are faithful to you and show them the way to the caverns, taking with you provisions and

tools enough to last until you can get settled there. I adjure you, forget the secret machines which no one but yourselves know the use of. You will find a great series of big caverns and these shall be your home. Now when the time comes that the enemies of the Nephli approach, the priests shall go down, but one, and that one shall stay behind to close the entrance. That one will be slain by the enemy, but we shall see that his Ka [soul] be reborn again."

Laris, waited a moment; then spoke: "How long, oh most high, must we inhabit the caverns?"

"Through many ages," came the answer. "Yes, through the ages you will live below the ground, while wars and yet more wars rage on the surface. Again and again the will to war will devastate the earth; entire nations will be obliterated and none will remember whence or why they vanished. Mankind will become as the beasts, with only a small spark of intelligence left. Little by little, he shall gain a foothold on the upward path, rising to great scientific heights, only to slide down again, rise again and slip again, through the ages it shall be thus. Time after time he shall be given the leader he should follow in order to know true greatness of soul, yet still will the seed of Janza, and Janza's whisper, pull him down."

"But when and how shall we again inhabit the surface?" Laris asked.

"When the internal fires break through the crust of the earth, when terrible new weapons are used by man to slay man, when parents and children slay one another, when mankind goes mad; when disease ravishes the earth and hunger slays those whom hunger has not slain, when the seas arise to erase entire cities, when the earth trembles and even the lekman (elements) turn against Man, then shall you know that the time is upon you and you and yours whom

you would have spared will know that the time is at hand. You will have sent envoys from time to time to choose these worthy ones, and these will descend with their picked ones, namely, those who have obeyed the laws of the Great One. Those whom you do not take shall be forewarned and told to go to a place of hiding provided, the place to be for them alone. Then and only then, will you know that the last great war is on you, that the sons of Janza are about to do battle with you for the last time, that man will be liberated for all time from the Evil one. Yet, when this war is ended, the world will be as our brother Tamil meant it to be."

So it was, that the rebels who sought the faithful, found no one; for those who chose to remain above, were instructed to be silent and to close their doors. They were given a sign by which they could know each other. Their eyes were attuned to that sign, which was a faint light on the forehead.

Thus the rebels were defeated even as they were gaining victory, and the legend grew with the passing ages of the lost tribes and how the Nephilium were gods and deserted earth by soaring into the skies. In some places, however, the natives spoke of the old story, of how there had been giants and they had gone underground.

When Mrs. Rogers begins her account of her experiences with the cave people, she is, by her own definition: "... an outcast ... thirty-nine years old, a slave of the drug [heroin], pitted by smallpox, ugly, ragged ... an object of pity and scorn to my countrymen, a receiver of alms." Her usual stand, she tells us, was near the American Club on Bolivar Street in Mexico City, Mexico.

Doc Kelmer, of the Electro Therapy Institute, often gave her money and tried to help her in diverse ways, but, on this particular day he simply stood before her and pondered: "I wonder when you are going to remember? Think hard, Ban Dalij. The day you speak a certain word, then and then only can I really help you, not with a few dollars, but permanently."

Maggie Rogers puzzled but briefly over the doctor's enigmatic statement; he had pressed a gold coin into her hand and she was once again secure in the knowledge that she could obtain her next "fix." Then, shortly, narcotics agents appeared. Maggie was frightened; if they should frisk her and find the freshly purchased packet of heroin on her person, it would be the Islas Marias, Mexico's prison islands, for her. Suddenly, strange words came unbidden to her lips: "*Maca sin Tamil.*"

Upon her utterance of those words, the two agents seemed to have forgotten why they were ushering Maggie Rogers off to a backroom to search her. They released her and walked away, apparently oblivious of her presence.

"*Kayu staya ma, il Tamil.*" More strange words came to Maggie's tongue and she was not surprised when Doc Kelmer pulled up beside her in his car and asked her if she were ready. Maggie nodded and got in the backseat. The drug-dependency caused her to become violently ill, then, when the spasms had subsided, Doc gave her a vial of liquid and told her to drink it all.

Hours later, Maggie and Doc Kelmer stood before a mass of greenery at the foot of a tall cliff. Putting his arm about her shoulders to steady her, wiping the tears and perspiration from her face, Doc said: "You called, Ban Dalij, and I came. You had faith in what

you are not sure of. Do you wish the mercy you have asked for?"

Then Doc Kelmer wailed rather than spoke and the mass of greenery slid to one side to reveal a large opening. "He might have been leading me to my death in some sadistic rite," Mrs. Rogers wrote later, "but I followed him boldly in."

The enormous door closed behind them. Something like cool water closed around her, but she had no sensation of drowning. Then came oblivion, broken once or twice by her seeing, as if in a dream, vast rooms and giant figures. The following is her recollection of what happened later:

When at last I really and truly awakened, I looked around me in wonder, unable to understand where I was and how I came there. That room was so large and all the furniture in it had been made for a giant to use. Odder still, furniture and walls alike seemed to be made of silvery metal, even the bed on which I lay was of metal. I say bed, but it was, I found out later, fifteen feet long and nine wide and covered with a soft white fur. Whoever had cared for me had dressed me in a beautiful robe. There were soft sandals on my feet.

A section of wall slid back and in walked the largest woman I had ever seen. From beneath a golden helmet with tiny wings fell a cascade of coal black curls. Her short skirted garment was sleeveless and seemed to be made of little golden links. Leather sandals laced to the knee were on her feet. She was all the beautiful women I had ever seen rolled into one. In her hands was a flat, shiny disk and, as I shrank back from her, she smiled, raised that disk to her mouth and, of all things, spoke to me in Spanish:

"My name is Mira (pronounced Meera), I know you are afraid, but do not be, as our brother sent you here. Sagi has made you well again. You are hungry, no?"

I told her I was hungry, yes; but, I asked curiously; "Why do you put that disk to your lips?"

With a broad smile she lowered the disk and, so help me, I thought some one had turned a radio on full blast. I clapped both hands to my tortured ears and grimaced with pain. Replacing the disk, she spoke again and now her voice was normal. "You see, little one? Your ears are not made for voices like ours."

Again a section of wall slid back and a table came sliding over the floor to my bed. On it were fruits of every description, bananas, mangos, chirimoyas. These were familiar to me. Not so the small purplish pear-shaped fruit. There were small cakes made of what I took to be dates, and a metal container filled to the brim with a pale green, foamy liquid.

I fully believe that is what the gods of Olympus called "nectar of the gods." It was a sweet drink, made of fruit and tasting more like an ice cream soda than any thing else.

I was told it was the fifteenth day of January. That made me open my eyes. Where had I been all those days?

Taking the cure.

What time was it now?

That amused her and she explained to me that she and her people worked twenty-four hours.

Where did the bluish light come from?

That was put there many centuries ago by the scientists of their race.

"You," she said, "will be taught all you should know by our wise men. I shall show you all you are allowed

to see. There is a reason for this, which you shall learn later."

Arsi, she explained shyly, was her intended husband. In a short while she would be of age and they would be wed. "To be able to wed, a girl must be, according to our way of reckoning time, eighteen years of age."

I tried to do as Mira had told me, to sleep and rest, but that was impossible. In sheer desperation I pressed the button she had indicated as hers and in she came so quickly I guessed she must have been outside waiting for me to call.

This time she was not alone. No indeed. With her was the handsomest giant I have ever seen. I had thought she was huge, but he topped her head and shoulders. Like Mira, he wore a gold mesh garment, but it was a two-piece affair. His helmet had an ornament representing the sun and the sandals on his feet also were laced to the knee. But he was as blonde as she was brunette. His eyes were green. He strode up to me, smilingly he placed a disk, like the one she used, to his lips.

"I presume you are Miss Maggie? "I am Arsi; we are happy to welcome you."

"You, you speak English," I stammered. "Yet you are one of these people. *Now* maybe I can get a clear answer to all the questions I want to ask."

"I don't blame you. I shall give you all the answers, but I do not expect you to believe me, at least now. Here you have it, believe it or not: I was, before my disappearance from the world and my renewal here in this world, in succession, scholar, lawyer and judge. I was a surface man, but I had always been fully aware of my kinship with these people, whose name by the way, is the Nephli. Here is a world far underground, a world no one knows of, except those

who have blood kinship with them. "The day I reached sixty years of age I was eligible for renewal. I had learned how cruel and greedy humans are, so, I simply vanished."

Up to now I had listened with an open mind, but that statement of his about being sixty years old was the last straw. Why, the man couldn't be more than twenty-five years old. Renewal?

Then Arsi said gently: "You were saved because you were unfortunate. You are fundamentally good. By heritage you have the Nephli blood. You were weak, yes, but that weakness comes from the strain of human blood in you. Human? How silly. We are all human, though those of the surface would not call us so. The Nephli civilization was far advanced when they went underground. Those of the surface strayed from our teachings, scorned help from the mother race, and see to what they have come. Now they are a proud, arrogant people who would have had more to be proud of if they had followed the teachings of their ancestors. Remember all of this when you return."

"You mean I have to go back?" I asked.

"Yes, you are not ready to be one of us. You will go back, free from the drug. You will have to pay a penance, and it will be paid in hard work, decency, denial; helping others, with kindness shown to others less fortunate than yourself. Rest now and later we will take you to Harji, he who knows all that is past, and all that is to come. *Jelis sur Tamil* (God bless you)."

After breakfast, I was told to dress and given a contraption something like telephone operators use, which was placed on my head and over my ears. Mira picked me up as though I were a baby; the wall slid back and we were out in a corridor. I should say

street, for that was what it was like. I was placed gently in a kind of car that stood as if it were waiting for us. This vehicle had no motor, no wheels, but reminded me of the pictures I had seen of a torpedo, a torpedo with two seats.

Along the streets were the apartments, living quarters of the Nephli. There was no time to ask more for the car shot into a vast courtyard and stopped in front of a door. Lifting me out, Mira carried me to the door, which opened as if by "open Sesame," and we entered another huge room, the sight of which to me was vaguely familiar. This was the place and the people I had seen when I saw the light which had soothed me so. These were the surgeons. The master surgeon came forward, took me from the arms of my mentor, and sat me on a table, just as any surface doctor would do. He took my pulse, raised the lids of my eyes, looked at me carefully, then held his fingertips close to my body, somewhat as a magician does when he is going to hypnotize you. But a stream of light flowed out from those fingertips and I felt it penetrate my body. I would say it was some sort of an X-ray, for, after moving that light over every part of my body, he nodded as if highly gratified, and the light went out. He took a step back and bowed, actually bowed, to me.

I shall from here on touch only on the highlights of my stay. I met many of the people and they were all so kind to me. Many times, two or three of them would come and take me to different parts of the cave world. I visited the Library, where all the works are kept; books in every language and on every subject.

According to Mira, many of the Nephli live on the surface. Many are scientists, doctors, lawyers, judges, and even higher in the government. But how could

that be, I asked, when because of their huge size they would be marked? That last struck her as very funny and, when she recovered from her mirth, she explained that the Nephli were masters of a reducing ray, as well as an enlarging ray. These men are sent to the surface to search for those who have even a small strain of Nephli blood in their veins, to acquaint them of their heritage and aid them.

"Your grandfather was a pure blood Nephli," she stated. "Looking through the screen one day, he saw a surface woman with whom he fell in love. He asked for, and got, permission to be reduced and ascend to the surface. The Rejii gave him their consent and blessing. He left us and sought out your grandmother-to-be and married her. After she died, he came back to live with us and to await the time when she would be changed."

"Where is he now?" I asked. Her reply left me breathless, but by now I couldn't disbelieve anything these unbelievable people said. "He's on the Mother planet."

During the days that followed, I visited, perched on Arsi's or Mira's arm, the homes of Nephli. Large blocks of marble spread with soft furs served them as beds. Their tables were made of stone, as were their rooms. Those who had more than one child had eight and ten rooms. Children, did I say? I saw babies as large as a ten-year-old. At the age an earth child would be crawling, they walked already. Ten year olds were about my height, five-feet-five. One day I visited a school of that section. They were taught by a man who had lived on earth and come for renewal when he had passed sixty. I was stunned after they had introduced me to him, to hear him say: "Hi lady, I hope you'll like it here. By the way how does little

old New York look now?" I still had enough breath left to tell him I had never been in New York.

"You know," he confided, "I'd give anything if I could see my daughter's face if she could see me now."

He taught English to the small fry in the caves. As for the higher educational departments, this surface brain of mine will never be intelligent enough to understand all they taught.

One day Arsi said some things I do not understand. He pointed out a huge bearded man to me. "That man," he said, "comes from the planet Venus." My bewilderment showed on my face, for he elaborated; "He came on the last space ship. We have colonies all over the known and unknown—to surface peoples—universes. Soon, another ship will be leaving and, if you remind me of my promise, I will take you to see it off."

Suddenly the car rose from the ground. Straight up it flew and came to rest on a platform. Up we went as if we were actually with it and I became aware only then that that platform was large enough to hold a city twice as large as Mexico City. There lay a fleet of great torpedoes shining as if they were made of silver. (Arsi explained that these were space ships.) The being we were watching went in through the side of one of these, the largest of all. When the scene faded, I was taken back to my room.

The next day I eagerly awaited the hour to go to the "Pictures." The wall lighted up again and there was the city. Until then no sound had accompanied the pictures, but now we were in the temple again and there was a vast throng of people there. That same great figure of a being was talking to them in a language unintelligible to me. He must have been choosing certain couples from among them, for, from

one side of the wall, a being would step forward; from the other side, another, etc. Some were black, some were olive-skinned, others were brown and still others were white, like the beings I had seen inhabiting the city.

Arsi began to explain: "These are the different races from different planets, who were the chosen to inhabit this world of ours. Ten couples of each race, and four races. Then twenty Nephli, or ten couples."

The scene faded for a moment, came again, and to my surprise we were now aboard that great ship.

"They are now in space, bound for this system. They have been in space a year and are now approaching earth. Now watch this next scene, this is the landing."

I asked: "Why did we see no beings moving about on the ship?"

"Suspended animation, my dear."

Now the ship was coming to life. We were in a great chamber and, of all the people, but twenty were no larger than myself.

"Those twenty you see are the rulers, or guides, of the others, to teach them and start them in their new life. But," he added sadly, "these people strayed from the teachings of their friends and rulers, the Nephli."

The scene shifted. Now we were in another place, a couple were left there, another and another left the ship until only the twenty were left. Now the scene shifted to a time when the Nephli had completed their cities. Their cities were perfect, their science was perfect. They knew how to prolong life even then; how to become larger or smaller in size. The children of the original eighty subjects rebelled against the Nephli. The Nephli could have crushed them as easily as one kills a fly, but they are a godly people who do not kill. Instead they went underground.

A curious tale was told me and it fits in with the story of Jesus Christ. Once there was a man of the Nephli, named Jas Whal, who was also a great scientist. In an effort to persuade the humans who inhabited earth to turn from the false gods they worshipped, the command of Tamil sent him to the surface to teach of the true God and to give man of his science. That was why he left the world under us—the Tamion knew him no more. He was reduced to the stature of an ordinary man and came up to the surface in order to carry out the work assigned him.

He taught these ungrateful people. He proved his divinity to them by what to them were miracles, but to Him was pure science. Their eyes were too blind to see, only a few could understand or wanted to. They tortured Him, and He, who could have merely vanished from their sight, allowed even that in an effort to prove to them that He would die for them. He apparently died and was placed in a cave that had an entrance to the underground. His people came and revived Him; they took Him back home. But He had to show those who believed in Him that He was above death, so He appeared to those friends again and then vanished. Does not that sound like the miracles and crucifixion of Christ? The similarity is remarkable. The living moving pictures of this man, whom the Romans killed, do not, however, resemble the popular conception we have of Christ.

Then came the day of Arsi's and Mira's wedding. I, as an initiate to be, was allowed to be present at that wedding. In the Temple the lights were on full. Those two walked down to the altar. Behind the altar were thick silvery drapes. They knelt there for about ten minutes, their heads bowed. Suddenly those drapes became misty, unreal, then they were gone, and the whole space behind where the drapes had been was

filled with the loveliest, yet the most inspiring, light I ever expect to see. In the heart of that light was something of unearthly colors, in the shape vaguely of a hand, a gigantic hand. Two fingers of radiance shot out from the hand. One touched the head of Arsi and the other the head of Mira, lingered for an instant, moved away, and was gone. The drapes appeared again; the two newly-weds rose to their feet, and on their faces were the glories of those who have seen God.

Days later, Mira and I were in the *Gajoya* (room of machines). She was telling me what the different machines were for, when a shrill whistling arose. Her eyes were bright as she turned to me. "*Hai*, another human arrives. Shall we go and see?"

We arrived at the number one room just in time to see two of the Nephli Guardians helping a man from the car. He was a nice-looking fellow, I could see at a glance, either American or English, and he was in a coma.

Gori, one of the guards who spoke Spanish but no English, beckoned me over. "Little one, you speak this earthman's language, no? Then come with us."

I went willingly, gladly, for I could see the man was badly hurt. He came to as I looked at him. "Hello, Mister, you are an American, aren't you?"

"Thank goodness you can talk English. Why, you are an American yourself." His eyes strayed around the room and came to rest on the Nephli guards and if ever I saw a man sick with fear this was he. He must have thought he was any place but heaven, or else crazy.

"I was exploring the *Cave de Los Vientos*. I suddenly stepped off into nothingness and, the next thing I knew, I was here. My name is Prindle. I—" He had fainted again.

But that man came out of the lab two hours later, walking as if he had never been hurt. I didn't understand what a miracle had been wrought until Prindle himself told me that he had been an iron worker in the States and, fifteen years before, had gotten a steel sliver in his eye which had blinded him permanently. Now, his sight was restored in that eye as if he had never had an injury.

Hours later he was given the "test." A metal cap was placed on his head and a light was shown on the top of that cap. Obviously he was asleep or hypnotized. Then, as the light grew stronger, he spoke in the same tongue. Finally the light faded, and Harji, turning to the guards, gave a command. Prindle was carried out and I thought that was the last I had seen of him, but I believe I saw him in San Antonio, after I came here to live.

I asked Mira what they had done with him and she said, "He has been put to sleep. They have carried him to the surface and to about two miles distance from the entrance to the caves. All memory of his accidental fall into the cave and his experiences while here are erased from his mind. When he awakes, he will not recall finding the cave and will only have a burning desire to go back to his own country."

Time passed rapidly, too rapidly for me, and the day came when my mentors told me that I would soon depart. "You," Harji said, "will remember everything. You will say nothing, though, until the time is ripe. Then you will tell just what we tell you to say. The truth. From that truth you will tell, you will find five of the undiluted blood of the Nephli, many who have a strain of Nephli mixed with surface who will eventually remember, or who will dream and in dreams be shown their heritage."

The next morning, or I should say, the end of

sleep-time, my friends took me to the room called Tamion. There I saw the three new soon-to-be residents of Nephli-land. There were two women and one man. The man looked like a German and the two women like Mexicans. Judging from the expressions on their faces, they were very happy about the whole thing. We only stayed for a moment inside, long enough to see them lie down in front of a tall stone. At first glance, the stone seemed to be a shaft of granite, but then I could see that a soft rosy glow made it nearly transparent.

Sixteen hours later we went back and those three, who had entered old, wrinkled, gray and worn, came forth young, beautiful and strong. They were forthwith taken to another room, the enlarging room. I would say it was two hours they stayed there, and although I am not by nature a curious person, I was all agog with excitement, for I wished to be assured it was true and that I would some time be able to do the same.

When they came out they were as large as Arsi and Mira.

Hours later they came for me. Mira openly wept and Arsi wore a sad expression. A brand new suitcase was placed in the "torpedo." Mira, seeing my look, grinned. "Surface clothes, Maggie, you didn't expect to go back in that robe, did you?"

Soon we were at the same entrance where I had entered with Doc Kelmer. At a command from Arsi, the door swung open. I passed through and turned around as Mira said, "Walk to that *casita* you see in the distance. Stay there two days when one of ours will come for you. *Adios*, and good luck."

Through tear-misted eyes I saw the door close. Then there was nothing to see but a clump of greenery. I walked as directed to the *casita* and was met

by an Indian woman. She asked no questions, for she must have received instructions from them. I stayed there until the evening of the second day and I don't believe we exchanged a dozen words.

Late that second evening, a fine car drew up in front of the *casita*. I grabbed my suitcase and got in. The driver didn't believe in talking either, for even when I asked him where I was to be taken, he only grunted. We arrived in Mexico City by daybreak and the car stopped on San Juan de Letran Street.

Tamil has indeed watched over me in more ways than one and taken care of me. I have been cajoled, tempted, even threatened, in an effort to make me tell what I know. It is futile. Now I shall look as I have been doing for seventeen years for the ones who have that trace of Nephli blood in them. I have found the five. I have found a few of the mixed blood. I have a great many more to find, both of Nephli blood and of surface who are worthy to be among those who will survive.

This is my story, a vindication of my friends, the Nephli, and a Tribute to Tamil.

*Margaret Rogers*

## CHAPTER FOUR

### Do Atlanteans Occupy Inner Earth?

It was January, 1882, and the English steamship *Jesmond* slashed through the rolling waves of a turbulent ocean some 200 miles south of the Azores. The ship had cleared westbound from Messina, Italy, and was homebound to London with a cargo of dried fruit. It was shortly before noon on a foggy, wintery morning when a sailor dashed into the captain's quarters.

"Sir! There's land dead ahead!" the sailor blurted. "We're going to have to change course."

Captain David Robson, a conscientious forty-three-year-old ship's master, glanced up from his maritime charts. "Mister, have you been nipping the grog?" he roared. "There are no islands in these seas."

"Aye, aye," replied the sailor. "You can stay with your charts, Cap'in, and run this ship aground. Sir, please come topside."

Moments later, Captain Robson (who held Master's Certificate #27,911 in the British Merchant Marine) stood with his officers and crewmen on the deck of the cargo vessel. Dead ahead was a mysterious mass

of decayed vegetation, rotting fish and a tempestuous sea, darkened with mud and debris.

"Cut the engines!" Captain Robson ordered, and the ship dropped anchor.

"Have you measured the depths?" Captain Robson inquired.

"Seven fathoms, sir!" replied a crewman.

"We should have a couple of thousand feet of water here," said the puzzled shipmaster. "What do you fellows make of this island? She's not on any charts."

"Let me take a group ashore," a sailor pleaded. "This may be like Dogger Bank and the other vanishing islands we've heard about."

With Captain Robson's consent, a landing party from the *Jesmond* rowed through the muddy waters and landed on a steaming, shell-encrusted beach. Leaving a man to guard their boat, the sailors fanned out to investigate the island. They returned to the ship with a rare collection of archeological oddities and artifacts. Soon, glittering swords, bows with iron-tipped arrowheads, hammered spearheads, bronze pots and other vessels were spread over the ship's deck. The most puzzling discovery was a large stone case, encrusted with marine shells and covered with seaweed and ocean slime. Inside the casket was a corpse, wrapped in cloth like an Egyptian mummy.

"Hey! That's something," gulped a nervous sailor as he stared down at the ancient mummy. "Can we make another trip to dead island, Cap'in?"

Captain Robson glanced toward the sky where dark clouds were gathering over the ship. "There's bad weather tonight," he said reluctantly. "We'd better weigh anchor and get away from this area before nightfall."

The *Jesmond* steamed away and the mysterious island was never seen again!

Captain Robson noted in his ship's log that the area was 31°, 25' north by longitude 28° 40' west. The entire ship's crew, Captain Robson and his officers were adamant in their statements concerning the unknown land. They carried their artifacts to England and gave them to officials of the steamship company. Presumably, those artifacts were turned over to archeologists, although history does not record exactly what did occur. Perhaps, in some dim English attic, lies an "oddity" which might be the key to the lost continent of Atlantis.

Throughout history there has been an endless parade of individuals who have eagerly stepped forward to gild the legend of Atlantis, the most fabulous piece of lost real estate in history. Scholars, philosophers and archeologists have spent enormous sums in an effort to find this lost land. They have been joined by a band of fast-buck opportunists, hot-eyed cultists and dour-faced visionaries who claim to hear Atlantean voices in their heads.

A few years ago, a group of journalists were asked to rate the greatest story they could dream of writing. A handful rated the second coming of Christ as a compelling news event. A few felt the man on the moon would be the greatest historical event. The vast majority, however, thought the discovery of this lost continent would be the most fantastic newsbreak in history.

"Just think of the headlines if the waves of the ocean were to roll back and there lay Atlantis," said one enthusiastic newsman. "The land of a thousand mysteries, a world of enchantment, a glimpse of sunken beauty would be flashed to the world."

For hundreds of years, scientists, historians and

hearty bands of treasure-greedy adventurers have tracked down the legends of Atlantis. They have returned from their journeys with hopes dashed, money spent and minds confused by the swirling claims and counterclaims of the supposed location of this super civilization.

"The problem is that despite all of the vast amount of research on Atlantis, absolutely no one can pinpoint her location," an Atlantean authority said recently. "I have amassed enormous files of data. Some people claim it was in Africa, or Asia, Palestine, the Mediterranean Sea, Italy, Crete, the Caucasus mountains of Russia—for God's sake!—Helgoland, in the heights of the Andes mountains and one of Hitler's scientists claimed Germany was Atlantis!"

Today, there are several expeditions working in various parts of the world and each has "definite" proof that it has located the mysterious continent. Hollow earth exponents claim we may find the physical remains of Atlantis, but certain groups of survivors were warned of the floods and earthquakes that would ravage the continent. "They escaped into the earth's interior," said Gordon Nicholas.

To fully understand Atlantis, we must go back to the old Greek philosopher, *Plato*. A Utopia idealist, Plato recounted the story of Atlantis in his dialogue, *Timaeus*. Plato obtained the story from Solon, a wise man from Athens who was exiled in Egypt from 570 to 560 B.C. During his stay in Egypt, Solon spent his idle hours in conversation with priests and scholars. He listened intently as the Egyptians told of the glories of their ancient ancestors and the regal splendor of their early Pharaohs. Among Solon's notes was a legend concerning a "lost" land that dated back more than 10,000 years.

"... History tells of a mighty power which was

warring wantonly against the whole of Europe and Asia. Your city of Athens put an end to this aggressiveness," the priests related to Solon. "This powerful nation roared forth from the Atlantic ocean; in those times, the ocean was navigable. There was a mighty, powerful island situated in front of the Pillars of Hercules [the Straits of Gibraltar]. This land was larger than all of Asia and Libya put together . . . In this island . . . was a great and wonderful empire which ruled over the entire island and several others as well. They ruled over parts of continents and subjected the part of Libya within the Pillars of Hercules as far as Egypt. They also ruled Europe as far as Italy . . . In later times, there were violent earthquakes and floods. In a single day and night of devastation, all of these war-like people sank into the earth. The island of Atlantis in a like manner disappeared and sank beneath the ocean."

In another dialogue, *Critias*, Plato described the folklore and daily routine of life in Atlantis. The philosopher recorded that Atlantis was originally ruled by Poseidon, the sea god. In turn, the mystical land was populated by beautiful earth people, who were ruled by ten kings. The kings reigned in cooperative harmony over a rich paradise of vast cities and 60,000 farms. The farms were on a dark-loamed plain surrounding the capital city; the livestock included elephants, rare animals and fine horses. The capital city was guarded by 10,000 chariots and 1200 warships. Silver and gold-capped palaces, canals, race tracks and the ancient version of high-rise apartment buildings towered majestically over the city. Every five years, the citizens of Atlantis met in a democratic assembly to vote on the decisions affecting their land. A code of laws was carved on an onyx stone for every citizen to read.

Those were the golden times in Atlantis, a few hundred years before the blue blood of the ruling class was diluted by intermarriage. Passions erupted and civil wars flared. Intent on enslaving all people, the Atlantean rulers launched a merciless campaign of conquest against Europe and Africa. Plato wrote:

"Zeus, the god of gods who rules with law and is able to see such things, perceiving that an honorable race was in a most wretched state and wanting to inflict punishment on them that they might be chastened and improved, collected all of the gods into his most holy habitation which, being placed in the center of the world, sees all things that partake of a generation. And when he called them together he spoke as follows. . . ."

The maddening part of Plato's narrative is that it ends mysteriously at this point and adds another mass of puzzling suspense to the Atlantis legend. Occultists place considerable emphasis on two phrases in Plato's account. "... All of these war-like people sank into the earth," which well may be a phrase meaning the people disappeared into the hollow earth. In *Critias*, the site of the holy habitation is named as the "center of the earth," which may be a clue to the disappearance of this lost race that, perhaps, became the Under-People. Perhaps it was necessary to migrate to another land and, naturally, the Atlanteans would seek their holy land just as the Jews sought Palestine.

Further impetus to the Atlantis legend was triggered in 1882, when a Minnesota Irishman with the unlikely name of Ignatius Donnelly published his sensational book, *Atlantis*. Published by Harper & Brothers in 1882, the book quickly was established as a best-seller, translated into virtually every language, and the text still enjoys a respectable sale today. A flamboyant lawyer and a colorful politician, Donnelly

was a superlative speaker and his hot-tongued oratory, along with his reformer's philosophy, helped to elect him to the office of lieutenant governor of Minnesota. A few years later, he was elected as a United States Congressman and his radical views on agricultural reforms kept him secure as a Minnesota state senator for many years. He was the Populist candidate for vice president when he died in 1901.

Donnelly was obsessed with the existence of Atlantis. "My opponent is the Prince of the nation's cranks and crackpots," one of his political foes commented during a fiery campaign. "He can take a molehill of facts and build a mountain of conclusions!"

Senator Donnelly's theory was that a vast continent named Atlantis once ruled the world from its location in the Atlantic ocean. Following the glacier age, this first civilization developed into a Biblical paradise, with superior culture and advanced scientific knowledge. The sun-worshipping Atlanteans seeded the earth and were the first explorers and settlers in Europe, Asia and other continents. Donnelly reckoned that, approximately 12,000 years ago, Atlantis was ravaged by fire, flood and earthquake and the entire land suddenly dropped into the ocean. A mass of facts were presented to support his archeological, geological and mythical contentions.

There is the persistent legend that certain Atlanteans survived the "doomsday catastrophe" and gathered in the earth's interior to perpetuate their civilization. In that version, so popular with occultists and certain UFO researchers, the Atlantean continent was blasted under the sea by a devastating nuclear war. "It was necessary for the Atlanteans to move into the subterranean world in order to escape the deadly radioactivity on the surface," one Atlantis buff explained. "Once they were underground, they also dis-

covered that an existence sheltered from our sun's radioactivity was a much healthier life. They elected to remain underground."

Radioactivity is a fairly recent addition to the Atlantean myth, but the suggestion that the powerful, warring race destroyed their own land is by no means a contemporary conclusion. Some UFO researchers naturally have attempted to link Atlantis with flying saucers. Flying saucers did not appear in vast numbers until after the explosion of the first atomic bomb on the earth's surface. Perhaps the Atlanteans now are emerging from their subterranean world to warn that nuclear bombs have the deadly power to destroy an entire continent. *Homo sapiens* may have reached the crossroads in grisly technology. A few years ago, both U.S. and Russian scientists were talking about the awesome, world-shattering potential of the cobalt bomb, said to be powerful enough to destroy an entire nation, perhaps a continent. If the Atlanteans are living within the interior of this sphere, it would be an appropriate time for them to emerge from their inner kingdom and warn us of our dangerous path.

Since Plato, there have been more than 2,000 books written on the continent of Atlantis. One of the most amazing volumes was *The Secret Doctrine* by Madame Helena P. Blavatsky, who claimed to be "at-tuned" for conversations with invisible Atlantean souls. Her dark hair feathered with gray and her plump body corseted into an hour-glass figure, Madame Blavatsky landed in New York City at the turn of the century with a few dollars and a fervent belief in the opportunities inherent in the American way of life. Madame Blavatsky seldom was given to introspection or self-analysis. She already had been a bareback rider in a European circus, a professional concert pianist, a factory worker and business woman

and she had mesmerized the Europeans with her talents as a spiritualist medium. Her private life was crammed equally with a long parade of husbands and lovers. She had been the wife of a Russian general, then the mistress of a down-at-the-heels Balkan musician. After the musician, she took up with a British businessman. On occasion, she visited Russia for trysts with a nobleman.

Wandering around the streets of New York, Madame Blavatsky somehow stumbled across the legend of Atlantis. She also found a new lover, Henry Olcott, who left his law practice, wife and children to go off to India with Madame Blavatsky. With Olcott as her paramour and business manager, Madame Blavatsky hit India like a summer's thunderstorm. She told her occult-oriented clients that she held conversations with her invisible Atlantean guides. She printed her new "Bible," *The Secret Doctrine*, which was alleged to have been written on palm leaves in the original Atlantean language. The book was available to "a select few" at a very high price and it told of dour-eyed Cyclopes, fornicating Atlanteans and a doomed nation obsessed with sex.

Edgar Cayce, the famous prophet from Virginia Beach, Virginia, also included Atlantis in many of his readings. The clairvoyant's readings in the early Thirties are an enigmatic episode in the history of the occult and, in light of recent events, they may be proving true!

In December, 1933, a visitor asked Cayce, the "sleeping prophet," if tangible evidence of lost Atlantis existed in the modern world. Cayce replied: "As indicated, the records of the manner of construction of . . . [a converter for solar energy] . . . are in three places on the earth . . . today: in the sunken portion of Atlantis, or Poseidia, where a portion of the temples

may yet be discovered under the ... ages of sea water—near what is known as Bimini off the coast of Florida. And in the records in the temples of Egypt ... [and] ... the records carried to what is now Yucatan in America, where these stones—that they know so little about—are now ... being uncovered.”

Recently, news dispatches from Bimini announced that a team of skin divers had discovered old temple pillars in the sea. Cayce, in an amazing prediction on June 28, 1940, forecast: “Atlantis to rise again. Expect it in 1968 or 1969!”

It would indeed be the news story of all time if Atlantis should rise. Or, even more incredible, if we discover the scientifically advanced ancestors of the Atlanteans dwell within a hollow earth, the long-sought Under-People.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### The Enigma of Agharta

Gray Barker, publisher of Saucerian Publications, Clarksburg, West Virginia, is a noted authority on many areas of the occult and psychic phenomena. In the *Saucerian Bulletin*, issued on January 15, 1960, Barker wrote:

“... What if there could be some unknown race, or some unexplored portion of the earth? ... Various occult schools teach that polar entrances provide the doorways to the cities of Agharta, the Subterranean world, such as Shamballah and others. Let us accept for the moment that such a people have existed inside the earth for thousands of years, even before man—or maybe they seeded the outside with man. Maybe they have constantly watched over him, occasionally assisting him with technology, giving rise to what we now call ‘legends.’ Maybe they built the great pyramids; maybe they are responsible for some of the ‘miracles’ reported in secular and religious histories. Until man, their protégé, learned to be morally worthy, they

would not give him, suddenly, the knowledge of their existence or secrets of their technology. . . ."

"Agharta" is a substantial part of the Buddhist theology. It is a fervent belief in the reality and existence of a subterranean society of super beings, perhaps, our Under-People. These people are said to dwell in a secret, underground kingdom—with a civilization considered far superior, in every manner, to the surface *Homo sapiens*—from which, occasionally, they must journey to the outer world to direct the tangled affairs of human society. This well-populated subterranean society's residents live in beautiful underground cities. They have an advanced technology and superior intellect and their civilization is a near-perfect Utopia.

The leader of this enormous kingdom is called the "King of the World" and he rules from "Shamballah", the capital city. "Orientals believe the King of the World deals directly with the Dalai Lama in Tibet and the Lama is his emissary on the surface world," reported a student of oriental religions and occult philosophy, whom we shall call Gordon Nicholas due to his desire for anonymity.

"Millions of people believe in the reality of Agharta," Nicholas continued. "I've spent many fascinating hours of discussion with well-known explorers. They're certainly not kooks, cranks, or crackpots. Yet, many of these intelligent men believe there is another network of subterranean tunnels in South America. There are many legends of tunnels in Brazil, Peru, and other countries. Some explorers believe the tunnels extend throughout the world."

Nicholas visited Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, a few years ago. "I am convinced there is something, a definite, factual basis, to the story," he reported. "There are persistent rumors of an entrance to the

tunnel to Agharta. The doorway to this vast unknown land is located beneath the Dalai Lama's monastery. The entrance is under the surveillance of a corps of sharp-eyed young men. These strong, muscular monks have been sworn to maintain the secret of Agharta from outsiders."

Nicholas went on to say, "I don't claim to have seen the tunnel entrance. I know of only one westerner who has been allowed to inspect the tunnel doorway. He was an Italian archeologist, a man who travelled extensively in the Orient. His specialty was ancient Oriental cities and cultures.

"I knew this gentleman for several years prior to his trip to Tibet," Nicholas continued, guardedly. "He saw the tunnel entrance following an interview with the Dalai Lama. Upon his return, he was a totally different individual. He had been nervous, aggressive and very agitated. He was always worrying about money; now, he spends freely and says the 'King of the World' will provide the necessities, and a few luxuries, of life. Before his journey to Tibet, he was pressured by the work connected with his career. He had little time for his wife and family. He had very few close friends. After Tibet, he became interested in people. He takes time to enjoy life. The most striking change is that he now laughs a lot. A sad, ambitious man was changed into a happy individual with good life values."

Asked what happened to the man out there, Nicholas admitted, "I don't know. I had dinner with the man shortly before he flew off to Tibet. He had been working on the archeological problems connected with the pyramids in Mexico and Egypt. He had spent a great deal of time trying to solve the mystery of those large statues on Easter Island. He was baffled by the similarity of construction in many parts of the

world. He was puzzled by the methods used by the ancients to build these massive structures. He seemed to withhold something from the conversation, a secret that he knew would provide the answer to these questions, but he said the answer to the puzzle was near.

"He planned to stay in Tibet for two months; it was nearly a year before he returned. I inquired on several occasions. He always smiled gently and, one evening, intimated the pyramids and other ancient structures were the products of surface journeys by ambassadors from Agharta."

Ancient prophecies and legends of the Buddhists declare that Karma has a benevolent influence on our dreary civilization. Karma is the Buddhist concept of destiny, as determined by previous acts in previous lives. "It is a similar law to the Roman and Greek theory of Nemesis, a goddess who provided justice according to one's past deeds," Nicholas said. "If you were a bad person in your previous life, then you must pay for those misdeeds in this life."

The prophecies claim that after many years of destruction, wars and tribulations, a vast migration of Mongols will occur from the East. A peaceful new life will descend upon the earth. The earth's population will be augmented by the residents of Agharta, who will come up from their subterranean land and act as teachers.

One particularly persistent legend places the founding of Agharta as occurring some 50,000 years ago, when an Asian tribe disappeared into a cavern leading down into the center of the earth. "There are various locations for the entrance to Agharta," Nicholas said. "Most researchers feel it is somewhere in central Asia."

The legends claim that two dead continents—

Atlantis and Lemuria—disappeared beneath the ocean waves about 12,000 to 20,000 years ago. Some of the survivors of those civilizations found sanctuary within the inner earth, becoming the original Under-People.

"There are persistent legends that the descendants of these ancient people inhabit the lands inside our planet," according to Nicholas. "There are also reports of caverns closer to the surface in America and other countries. These smaller cities are constructed in huge cavities beneath the surface. The doorway to these lost civilizations is made by entering certain caves. Tunnels are the secret link with the upper world."

Many occult researchers also believe that some of Agharta's residents have returned to the surface world. "The enigmatic Gypsies appeared suddenly in Europe approximately 500 years ago," Nicholas explained. "Since then, they have relentlessly roamed the world, almost as if they were seeking some lost paradise. Gypsies have a unique language. It has no connection with any surface culture, although there are distinct Oriental patterns.

"When the gypsies appeared in Europe, they claimed to be from Egypt. Yet they are definitely not Egyptian in origin. Several careful scholars have attempted to trace their history. Their nomadic life has made this very difficult."

Nicholas believes that the Gypsies' ancestors possibly accompanied a leader into the lands within the inner earth. For some unknown reason, they left the subterranean paradise and returned to the surface world with new knowledge. "They have a seemingly uncanny ability to foretell the future," he said. "They're frequently very accurate in predicting future events from reading the lines in a palm, using Tarot cards, or other methods.

Just outside the city of Granada, Spain, is a vast beehive of caves. Gypsies have lived in those natural formations since they came to Spain. The cave cubicles are divided into apartments; many are richly decorated with luxurious furniture and modern appliances.

"I was in Granada a few years ago and this Gypsy cave city is reminiscent of the pueblo cities occupied by American Indians in the southwest," Nicholas said. "There are Spanish legends that the Gypsies came from out of the earth. Those same legends are also found in the southwest Indian tribes in this country. Perhaps, in the dim dawn of prehistory, certain groups migrated from Agharta. They became the Gypsies in Europe. They are the Indians in America."

Agharta is a powerful force in the Buddhist theology and the "King of the World," the divine ruler, is said to direct the destinies of everyone on the surface world. "Through meditation and prayer, the 'King of the World' talks directly to God," Nicholas explained, citing Buddhist beliefs. "The 'King's' great power over the surface world is through the enigmatic science of *Om*. *Om* was the first individual to know the supreme diety and he led humanity to believe in God and, in return, God gave *Om* the power to rule the world."

The "King of the World" maintains a tight surveillance over the motives, actions and thoughts of *Homo sapiens*. According to legends, he is particularly interested in the leaders of the surface world, including the economic, political, military and social leaders. "If God is pleased with these leaders, then the 'King of the World' helps them," Nicholas explained. "If their lives are found wanting, then the 'King' marks them for destruction."

There are many stories concerning an appearance of the "King of the World," or his ambassadors, to

world rulers. Napoleon Bonaparte was visited on three occasions by the "flaming red man," who delivered prophecies to the powerful soldier-statesman. In the beginning of his rule, Napoleon was obsessed by a hope for virtue, truth and justice. When that will-o'-the-wisp became elusive, Napoleon drank the dark dregs of power, and was driven by a desire to conquer the world, to be a supreme ruler and enslave entire continents.

The Egyptian pyramids had trembled when Napoleon's French troops defeated the 10,000 horsemen of the Moslem chief, Mourad Bey. It was one of the most terrifying battles in history and the sands were drenched with blood as Napoleon's men routed the Moslem army. It seemed as if all Egypt and, eventually, Africa lay within the grasp of the pint-size ruler. Smiling victoriously, Napoleon took over the Moslem palace and claimed the luxurious bedroom of Mourad Bey as his own. That night, Napoleon slept soundly, until near dawn, when a movement in the bedroom awakened him. He saw intense light focused on the image of a flame-colored man.

"By what right do you enter my bed chamber?" Napoleon snapped, brandishing his sword.

"Lay down your weapon because it will not work against me. I am the Red Man of France," the strange visitor replied in an eerie tone. "I have appeared before the rulers of France for many centuries. I warn them of impending disaster. You are obsessed with a lust for power, little man, and you think not of the people."

Napoleon sneered, and said, "Everything I do is for the good of my subjects."

The Red Man's hollow laughter crackled in the room. "You are an ambitious man," he declared. "You want the world and everything in it. You lust to play

God with the destiny of humanity. You sleep with the dreams of a victory over Egypt. You are premature in your celebration. You ordered your fleet to the port of Alexandria. It will not arrive and you will lose Egypt. Mark my words, Napoleon, or you create your own destruction."

When his taunting visitor vanished, Napoleon blinked his eyes and shook his head in bewilderment. "It must have been a bad dream," he concluded. Yet, as every school boy knows, Napoleon failed to conquer Egypt. *The strange prophesy was true!*

Later, on a foggy morning in 1809, Napoleon's muddy black boots stomped across the luxurious carpet in the palace of Empress Maria Teresa at Schönbrunn, Austria. The French legions had decimated the Austrian troops at the bloody battle of Wagram; now, the cruel little ruler slumped in a jewel-encrusted chair to scribble the harsh terms of peace for the defeated nation. Suddenly, the prophetic Red Man appeared in the room.

"Woe is Napoleon!" croaked the bizarre figure. "He has no more than four years to prepare a plan for universal peace!"

"I am interested in war, not peace," the cruel Corsican snapped. "Be gone!"

The figure vanished. Napoleon wondered momentarily if there were a struggle in his mind between fantasy and reality, then dismissed the incident.

The Red Man made his last appearance in January, 1814, three months before Napoleon's second abdication and his subsequent exile. Napoleon was hard-pressed by his legions of enemies, both in France and in other countries. The Red Man manifested in the gloomy palace bedroom to predict:

"It will be over in three months unless you make peace."

"That's impossible," the brooding Napoleon said. "I need more time."

"Don't whimper or whine," the Red Man replied. "You cannot change events. It is written that you negotiate a peace ... or you are disgraced. The choice is yours."

"Give me a year," Napoleon pleaded. "A few more months and—"

But the Red Man had vanished.

The following weeks were disastrous ones for Napoleon and the armies he led to the east on a wild goose chase. Paris was left unprotected and the enemy troops struck swiftly and captured the city. Mobs formed in the streets. The empire crumbled.

Exactly three months after his final conversation with the Red Man, Napoleon was nervously pacing to and fro in his office when a knock sounded on the door and Talleyrand entered. "The National Assembly has met secretly," Talleyrand informed the forlorn leader. "You must resign tomorrow."

Napoleon's mysterious visitor and his accurate predictions were overheard, or witnessed, by several of his aides and advisers, some of whom claimed the strange visitor was a "ghost seer" from the spirit world. Modern psychologists state the Red Man was nothing more than an outward manifestation of a Napoleonic guilt complex. Or, as many occult researchers believe, perhaps the visitor was an emissary from the "King of the World," sent from the inner earth kingdom of Agharta to warn Napoleon of his impending destruction.

Over 100 years later, authors Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier, in *The Morning of the Magicians*, quoted Hermann Rauschning, governor of Danzig during the reign of the Third Reich, who informed them that a "person very close to Hitler" had spoken

of the Fuehrer awakening in the night, screaming, crying and in convulsions. The frightened Fuehrer had shouted that a mysterious "He" had come for him. "He stood there in the corner," Hitler babbled, claiming that the mysterious "He" had journeyed from his inner earth dwelling to invade the dictator's bedroom.

Rauschning also informed the authors that Hitler and Goering had developed a "plan" to "assist nature" in developing frightening mutations. The Third Reich and its philosophy of Aryan superiority developed a pseudo-science around genetics and Hitler always was involved in some crackpot scheme to create a "new man."

During one meeting with the Fuehrer, Rauschning discovered the dictator in a state of ecstasy. Hitler was discussing the "new man," the Third Reich mutant designed to conquer the world, saying: "... The 'new man' is living amongst us now! He is here. Isn't that enough for you? I will tell you a secret. He is intrepid and cruel. I was afraid of him!"

In *New UFO Breakthrough*, authors Brad Steiger and Joan Whritenour told of a Third Reich attempt to locate an entrance into the "hollow earth." They stated:

"... In April, 1942, Nazi Germany sent out an expedition composed of some of its leading scientists in an attempt to discover a vantage point in the 'Hollow Earth.' Although the Third Reich was putting maximum effort into the war, Goering, Himmler and Hitler enthusiastically endorsed the project. The Fuehrer was convinced that the earth was concave and that man lived on the *inside* of the globe. The expedition, therefore, outfitted with their most brilliant radar experts, would be able to determine the position of the British Fleet, because the concave curvature of the globe would enable

infra-red rays to accomplish long-distance observation.

"The Nazi champions of the Hollow Earth hypothesis, who ordered the expedition to the island of Rugen, had complete confidence in their mystical vision, and they were also convinced that the representatives of a powerful, underground secret race emerged from time to time to walk among man. Hitler's plan to breed a master race of Nordic types was set in motion to appease his fanatic desire that the Germanic people would be the humans chosen to interact with the supermen in the mutation of a new race of heroes, demigods, and god-men."

In addition to visits to the surface by the "King of the World" and his emissaries, there are frequent stories of surface envoys traveling into the subterranean realm of the Under-People.

"Wise Buddhist monks claim they can prepare an initiate for the journey to Agharta," according to Gordon Nicholas. "The traveler is drugged into a deep sleep. His body is prepared in a unusual manner, with the actual details known only by the high ranking priests. He is wrapped with sacred cloth, bound tightly and then left alone. In solitude, he is visited by the Goro, a high priest for the 'King of the World.'"

Utilizing his superior will power and ancient knowledge, the Goro transports the monk to any spot in the universe. The initiate's body is said to rise slowly from the stone floor of the monastery, hang suspended for several moments near the ceiling and, finally, vanish into nothingness. At that precise moment, the monk's body and spirit is transported to Agharta.

In Agharta, the monk is shown the superior technology of the subterranean world. Wonders of the

inner earth are revealed and, if he is a particularly devout monk, he may be rewarded with an audience before the "King of The World." The "masters," a group of wise men and teachers, also impart to him their knowledge of the metaphysical. "A monk may also be transported by a Goro into the depths of the oceans, or into the heat-heart of roaring flames, or even out onto the rim of the universe," Nicholas stated. "There, he is allowed to observe the wonders of God's creations. Upon his return, he is considered a Holy Man, a revered person whose words are carefully noted for their wisdom and knowledge."

Monks who have claimed to have been into the subterranean world say that visitors first are shown the social aspects of Agharta. Evil, crime, destruction and fear do not exist. The initiate then is guided to the giant white halls of science. Within those alabaster walls are the keys to Agharta's superior technology, a gigantic laboratory where science has been mated with the metaphysical. Throughout his visit in the inner world, the monk will be warmed by a peculiar white light. The strange light is the equivalent of our sun and the cavern cities, passages, and tunnels are illuminated by it. Animals and vegetables are abundant. The cavern cities are linked by smooth-floored tunnels and powerful subterranean vehicles speed the monk through the inner kingdom.

"Agharta is the home of love, truth, beauty and peace," Nicholas said. "It is the Utopia of the Buddhists and the golden land of the ages."

In 1890, the Buddhist world was stunned by a sensational report that the "King of the World" had visited a monastery in Narabanchi and, while with the monks, had made prophecies for the future of our world. It was certainly not a comforting vision: "... catastrophes of nature, earthquakes, floods and a min-

gling of the elements ... Millions of men bent on destructive wars ... Nations ravaged by nature and war ... Crowds wandering hopelessly in search of sanctuary ... Families shall be torn apart and many will hunt vainly for their loved ones. Then, God will leave the earth."

It might be noted that this unnerving prophecy was revealed more than two decades before World War II. Since then, we have seen many of the most horrible portions of the prophecy become a reality as the world was plunged into two devastating wars.

After God leaves the earth, it is believed that the "new people" will arrive to lead the faithful in a conquest against evil. These "new people," perhaps a mixture of surface and inner earth mating, are described as "strong, assured and knowledgeable." At the same time, the "King of The World" will lead his millions of subjects up from the cavern cities and establish social order, religious understanding and peace on the surface world. Evil will be vanquished. Peace will reign.

There is no method by which we might determine the truth about the legend of Agharta. Millions of people throughout the world fervently believe their actions and thoughts are monitored by the "King of The World," or his emissaries. Is Agharta a product of religious fantasy? Or is it a part of the unknown that is so real? Is this vast subterranean kingdom an unsolvable mystery for our generation? Or, would we even listen to an individual who might visit these underground cities and return to tell of the wonders? Each reader must analyze the material and formulate his own opinion. In doing so, one must remember that Agharta has exerted a powerful influence on the lives of fervent Buddhist believers.

"Perhaps we should first analyze what is real, or unreal," Gordon Nicholas summarized. "Millions of people in Central Asia believe in Agharta and, possibly, in their belief the legend becomes a reality."

## CHAPTER SIX

### The Smoky Gods of the Vikings

The old Viking lay dying in his home in California. His only friend, a young writer, sat beside the death-bed and listened to the incredible saga pouring forth in a high, thin voice. Once, the novelist twisted in his chair and the old man's hand darted out like an emaciated bird's claw; the thin fingers dug deep into the writer's tanned muscles. "Don't leave," he croaked. "My experiences make Marco Polo look like a piker."

The dying man was Olaf Jansen, an elderly Norwegian who had immigrated to the United States in the last century, lived for a time in Batavia, Illinois, then moved to the warm valleys of California. The writer was Willis George Emerson, who had befriended the lonesome old man and who was bequeathed the dying Viking's manuscripts, maps and story. *The Smoky God*, published by Emerson in 1908, currently is available from Palmer Publications, Amherst, Wisconsin.

"My father, Jens Jansen, made his home in Stockholm," whispered the feeble old fisherman. "My par-

ents were on a fishing cruise in the Gulf of Bothnia. They tied up in the harbor at Uleaborg and I was born there on October 27, 1811. When I was seven years old, I accompanied my father on many of his fishing trips along the Scandinavian coast. My mother felt I should be educated, so I was tutored in a private school in Stockholm until I was fourteen. After that, I joined my father on his fishing voyages.

"I was nineteen years old when we left Stockholm in our sailing sloop on April 3, 1829, bound for the Lofoden Islands. On a previous voyage, my father had discovered some excellent ivory tusks on the west coast of Franz Joseph Land. We hoped to fill our boat with ivory instead of fish.

"We put in at Spitzbergen for additional supplies, waited for a favorable wind and spent several days sailing along the coast of Franz Joseph Land. One afternoon, we pulled into a rocky inlet for fresh water and discovered a two-acre area where the air was warm and the plants were green. We marveled at this tranquil area in the midst of ice and snow. To the seaward, we could see icebergs that clustered like the ranges of snow-white hills. To the north lay an open sea, void of ice.

"My father believed in the ancient Viking gods of Odin and Thor. He had often told me about the tradition that the gods lived in 'the land beyond the north wind.' This was supposed to be almost as beautiful as Valhalla, a land populated by the 'chosen people.' We decided to sail northward and venture beyond the places where man had never been," rasped the dying man.

Their voyage northward was a saga of endurance. Buffeted by strange winds, menaced by gigantic icebergs, driven into blinding snow storms, the two courageous fishermen, father and son, sailed deeper into

the north polar region. Their food supplies dwindled. Water became a precious commodity. Only a few cups remained in the sloop's oaken casks. A swirling storm battered the vessel and endangered the father and son.

"Trust to the god, Odin," Jens Jansen shouted to his son during their most desperate moments. "Let's not give up hope."

The dying Viking raised up from his pillow. He stared at the young writer with dark, feverish eyes. "One afternoon, we became becalmed in a place of dead water," he croaked. "I threw a bucket overboard to draw up water to wash my face and hands. As the water splashed against my lips, I noticed there was an absence of salt. I tasted the liquid and discovered it was *fresh* water! I yelled the news to my father and he thought I was going mad. He tested the water and, puzzled though we were, we filled our casks with fresh water from an ocean.

"Later, a wind blew up and we sailed outward. Our compass started to act strangely and my father said: 'Do not worry. I have heard of this before. It is called the dipping of the needle.' We made some adjustments to the instruments and, I believe, we were sailing north by northeast. We sailed for several days in this open, tranquil sea. Again, we set anchor and decided to replenish our water casks. We were puzzled to find we were back in the salt water of the regular ocean."

By August 1, 1829, the pair were desperately low on food; water once again was a precious commodity. "One afternoon, my father directed my attention to a smoky, furnace-colored sun that hung suspended on the horizon," Olaf Jansen rasped. "The sun remained in the sky for many days; it was sometimes obscured by clouds or mists, but always reappeared. It could

hardly be called a sun because it had a hazy red appearance, as if it were reflecting a light from a more intense source located somewhere else. We decided the smoky sun was not a reflection, but a natural planet of some sort."

After several more days of sailing, the father and son sighted land. "It was a warm, sandy beach, with tropical vegetation," the old Viking swore. "We gave thanks to Odin and Thor and, after our prayers, caught several fish. Our compass acted normally and we sailed for several days along the shoreline. We were in a bay, of sorts. We found a river entrance and sailed inland in hopes of finding a city or town. We thought we had sailed out of the polar region and were now on the other side of the earth."

Suddenly, a mammoth ship loomed ahead in the river. Within minutes, the two fishermen were staring up at a race of twelve-foot giants. "There was not a single man aboard the vessel who did not stand more than 12 feet high," Olaf Jansen declared. "My father stood only to their waists. There were several hundred people aboard the ship and they were on a pleasure cruise. The women averaged nine to eleven feet in stature."

Jansen described the male giants as kindly, benign individuals who wore close-cropped beards. They were clothed in rich tunics and knee breeches; their footwear was open sandals with buckles hammered from pure gold. Surprisingly, Jansen did not describe the type of costume worn by the women.

The two fishermen, perhaps feeling like Tom Thumb or circus midgets, were looked after by a male giant, who spent weeks teaching them his language. For several months afterward, the two men traveled in the world of "The Smoky God" and explored the fascinating elements of an inner earth

civilization. Some of the highlights of their journey included, according to Jansen:

*Precious Metal:* "There was an abundance of gold. It was everywhere. Domes of public buildings, doors, tables and other items were covered with sheets of the purest metal."

*Transportation:* "Their ships were powered by some 'inner energy.' I believe this was electricity, as we know it today. But, remember, we were there in 1829, when such inventions were unknown to the outer world."

*Agriculture:* "There was an abundance of agriculture and vegetation. The fruit was especially delicious. However, their grapes were as large as an orange; a cluster of grapes was several feet in length. There were forests with giant trees and, on occasion, we saw large herds of cattle."

*The Ruler:* "The high priest reigned in 'Eden' and he was as curious about our beliefs, customs and religion as we were about theirs. They are sun-worshippers and pay homage to their 'Smoky God.' Their Jehovah is thought to sit on a throne inside a dark, electrical cloud. After my return from their land, I studied several earth languages and discovered theirs was most like Sanskrit."

*Longevity:* "Males seldom married before the age of seventy-five to 100 years and brides were usually sixty years old before marriage." These giants frequently lived to be 600 to 900 years of age. Children start school when they are about twenty years old and they study for thirty years. This is a very musical race and they study music for ten years of schooling."

*Communication:* "Through some unusual and unknown manner, they communicate between the farthest parts of their world through air currents."

*Forests:* "There were abundant forests and many

trees were 800 to 1,000 feet high. Many were 100 or more feet in diameter. These forests extended for hundreds of miles." (As a comparison, the average California redwood is approximately 300 feet in height and thirty feet in diameter.)

After visiting several of the countries within the inner earth, the two fishermen were allowed to sail away toward home. They discovered the north passage blocked by icebergs. "We'll never make it past that wall of ice," Jansen's father said. "Let's sail south and find the opening in the south pole which they told us about."

After many harrowing experiences, the two adventurers sailed through the "hole in the pole" and into the Antarctic ocean. During a terrible afternoon, as they neared the edge of the ice, their ship was destroyed by the grinding motion of a gigantic iceberg. The father, the ship and all records concerning the inner earth civilization of the Under-People disappeared into the frigid ocean.

Olaf Jansen clung to an iceberg, clawed his way to its top and endured several hours of freezing temperatures before he was rescued by *The Arlington*, a whaling ship from Dundee, Scotland. He attempted to tell the ship's master, Angus McPherson, of his adventures in the inner earth. "He shook his head and placed me under the care of the ship's doctor," Jansen related. "I never mentioned the inner earth again. However, the captain and his crew often wondered how I came to be alone on an iceberg in the middle of the Antarctic ocean."

When Young Jansen returned to Stockholm, he discovered his mother had died in his absence. An unscrupulous relative encouraged the naive young man to tell his inner earth adventures to various city officials, who listened with mock awe, asked detailed

questions, then helped the relative have the young man placed in an asylum. Olaf Jansen remained there for many years, until he finally was released and allowed to immigrate to America.

Shortly before he died, the aged Viking said: "I believe the land 'within' is the cradle of our human race. This same idea of the land of mystery can be found in the folklore of every country. The early Egyptians believed there was a terrestrial region of the Gods. Now that I have completed the story of my adventure and travels, I am ready for the peaceful rest."

What can we believe about this incredible story? Was Olaf Jansen merely an aging old man, with an admitted 28 years in a Stockholm mental institution, whose mind conjured up some legendary facts to supposedly prove the existence of the land of Thor and Odin? Or did the adventure really occur only to be dismissed by a doubting world?

There are certain elements of his northern journey which are verified by Arctic explorers. In *Voyages of Discovery and Research Within the Arctic Regions*, Sir John Barrow commented on the mildness of temperature on the west coast of Spitzbergen: "... there was little sensation of cold, though the thermometer might be only a few degrees above freezing ... when the sun shines forth with a pure sky, whose azure hue is so intense as to find no parallel even in the boasted Italian sky."

Jansen's mention of an "open sea" near the presumed location of the north pole has been mentioned on numerous occasions by several Arctic explorers. This will be explored more thoroughly in a later chapter. The mention of discovering fresh water in the

Arctic Sea has been verified by Fridtjof Nansen, the Arctic explorer. In Vol. I of his *Journal*, Nansen wrote:

"It is a peculiar phenomenon—the dead water. We had at present a better opportunity for studying it than we desired. It occurs where a surface layer of fresh water rests upon the salt water of the sea, and this fresh water is carried along with the ship, gliding on the heavier sea beneath it as if on a fixed foundation. The difference between the two strata was, in this case, so great that while we had drinking water on the surface, the water . . . from the bottom cock of the engine room was far too salty to be used for the boiler."

Such strange fluctuations of the compass have been verified by several polar explorers. Nansen wrote: "... Johnson came into supper a little after six o'clock, quite alarmed, and said: 'There has been a singular inclination of the needle in twenty-four degrees. It is remarkable, but the northern extremity pointed to the east.'"

The *Journal* of Peary's first expedition to the north pole also contained references to the phenomenon.

The sun of the "Smoky God" also has been sighted by explorers. While this well may be some atmospheric phenomenon of the northlands, this is Explorer Nansen's description of the sighting:

"... Today another noteworthy thing happened, which was that about midday we saw the sun, or to be more correct, an image of the sun, for it was only a mirage. A peculiar impression was produced by the sight of that glowing fire lit just above the outermost edge of the ice. According to the enthusiastic descriptions given by many Arctic travelers of the first appearance of this 'god of life' after the long winter night, the impression ought to be one of

joyful excitement; but it was not so in my case. We had not expected to see it for some days yet, so that my feeling was one of pain, of disappointment, that we must have drifted further south than we thought. So it was with pleasure that I soon discovered that it could not be the sun itself. The mirage was at first a flattened-out, glowing red streak of fire on the horizon; later there were two streaks, one above the other, with a dark space in between; and from the maintop, I could see four, or even five, horizontal lines directly over one another, all of equal length, as if one could only imagine a square, dull-red sun, with horizontal dark streaks around it."

Perhaps explorer Nansen was seeing the strange sun from the interior of the earth, instead of a mirage. Or, equally possible, Olaf Jansen was an imaginative reader of books published by Arctic explorers and retained enough information to create a delightful death-bed hoax.

Finally, the reader may wish verification that there are ivory deposits in the northland. There have been numerous "boneyards" discovered in northern Alaska, Siberia and other northern areas. The ivory beds frequently excel deposits in any other part of the world. Even the Romans were accustomed to sailing north for ivory, instead of journeying to Africa for what might be considered the normal source of supply. In Siberia, the Russians have unearthed more than two hundred thousand tusks of ivory in the past century. It is reasonable to conclude that a Viking fisherman could stumble onto an ivory yard and, ambition whetted by the money, sail forth to find more.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### Have the Poles Really Been Discovered?

It was the beginning of one of the grandest centuries in history. Marshall B. Gardner watched the exploding fireworks in the skies over his home in Aurora, Illinois, and meditated on the scientific advancements that would come with the future. Twentieth century America was entering the automobile age and there was considerable talk of horseless carriages. Two brothers in Akron, Ohio, were tinkering in their garage on a heavier-than-air machine. Hearty explorers pressed northward toward the pole. "There doesn't seem to be much left for an ordinary man," Gardner remarked dourly.

As he walked to his work in a corset factory each morning, Gardner manifested a gradual personality change. He was a scientist walking toward a triumphant ceremony, an unknown hero whose brilliant research had astonished, then devastated, the scientific establishment. As he worked as a maintenance man in the factory, his mind lingered on the cold, frosty northlands.

"There are many unsolved mysteries in the Arctic,"

he frequently remarked to his fellow workers during lunch.

A new worker bit into a slice of liverwurst, wiped the remains from his lips, then said, "I was out in Alaska once, hunting for gold. I saw a lot of Eskimos. They're a strange people. Eskimos claim to come from the north. I never could figure out where in the north. There ain't nothing but ice and snow up there."

Marshall Gardner never revealed the precise moment when he became convinced the earth was hollow. A rugged, mustachioed individual with strong eyes and a powerful personality, he entered the long corridor of occult research and launched a personal confrontation with established scientific thought. For better or worse, in winter and summer, he hurried home from the corset factory to burrow through books in search of facts to support his theory.

Years before him, a Captain John Symmes, who will be discussed at length later, had traveled over the same ground, yet, Gardner claimed he was unfamiliar with the works of previous writers.

"Have you based any of your theory on previous material?" a reporter once inquired of him.

Gardner's eyes darkened with furious indignation. "Symmes had a fantastic notion that there were several concentric spheres," he snorted. "Only the outer shell exists. My calculations prove it is 800 miles in diameter. There is a perpetual sun inside our hollow earth which delivers constant daylight to the interior."

The reporter removed his tongue from his cheek; an assignment with an eccentric such as this was part of being a newspaperman. "How do we reach the interior of the earth?" he inquired.

Gardner's fingers tugged at his drooping, walrus-

style mustache. "There are holes at both the North and South Poles," he declared. "Each opening is approximately 1,400 miles in diameter. All of the planets are hollow. What the established scientists call the ice-caps of Mars are really nothing more, or less, than openings into that planet's interior. As you know, astronomers occasionally see a glimmer of light from the other planets. These gleams are flashes from their inner suns."

The reporter scribbled furiously, then inquired: "What would be the effect of such a sun on our own world?"

"Very simple, young fellow," Gardner replied. "Light coming from the earth's interior sun produces our northern lights, the *aurora borealis*."

"Say, I never thought of that," the reporter said enthusiastically. Privately, he wondered if the man he was interviewing should be trusted to walk around on the streets without a guard. "But this is 1913," he persisted. "Both Dr. Cook and Admiral Peary have claimed to have reached the North Pole. How can you account for that?"

"It is all very simple," Gardner said, grandly. "There are seven documented chapters in my book, filled with an unbiased analysis of the polar explorations. I have published absolute proof that no one has ever reached the poles. Young man, how can you reach a point that does not exist?"

The reporter then asked: "What do you suppose the reaction to your theory will be after the universities and scientific groups have read the book? Do you expect scientific support?"

"Scientists are conservative. They seldom revise their thinking, although it may be faulty," Gardner said. "This is especially true when new facts and discoveries are made outside of the scientific estab-

lishment. Check your history carefully and you will find that most inventions and scientific truths have been made by independent men, working outside of the established cult of science. If you are not one of the clique, they seldom provide a fair hearing."

"How do you judge the future of your theory?"

"The public will force science to accept the facts," Gardner said. His eyes narrowed to a thin slit. "I am no scientific pretender. I am not a crank, but a genius who will be ridiculed before honors and awards come my way. Privately, I compare myself to poor Galileo. The church condemned his views, but Truth will always win over false ideas."

Marshall B. Gardner's book was entitled *A Journey to the Earth's Interior or Have The Poles Really Been Discovered?* The first edition was printed privately in 1913 and Gardner claimed the events of World War I diverted public recognition from his theory. He revised the book and published another, more expensive, edition in 1920. It contained elaborate drawings, colored engravings, numerous charts and maps. A reproduction of that edition was published some years ago by Fieldcrest Publishing Company and still may be available by special order at book stores. Some of Gardner's statements from the volume include:

"... How do scientists explain that when we go north it becomes colder up to a certain point and then begins to get warm? ... that the source of this warmth is not any influence from the south, but a series of currents of warm water and of warm winds from the north—supposed to be a land of solid ice? Where can these currents come from? How could they come from anything else but an open sea?

"Why also should the explorers find the inhospitable ice cliffs at the far north covered in large areas

with red pollen of an unknown plant? And why should they find the seeds of tropical flowers floating in these waters—when they are not found in more southern waters? How should logs and branches of trees, sometimes with fresh buds on them, be found in these waters, all being borne down by the warm currents from the north?

“Why should the northern part of Greenland be the world’s greatest place of habitat for the mosquito, an insect found only in warm countries? Where do all of the foxes and hares go in winter, such animals being seen traveling north in Greenland?”

“How do scientists explain the migration of those birds which appear in England and other northern countries one part of the year, in the tropics another part of the year, but disappear entirely in the winter? How do they reach the fact that neither Peary nor Cook was able to prove the claim of reaching the North Pole? Even supposing both men to have acted in good faith, is it not obvious that they were lost? How else can anyone explain the discrepancies in Peary’s own narrative?”

But why, a reader might ask, did Peary not discover that immense orifice at the polar extremity of the earth if it was there? The reason, according to Gardner, is simple and according to his book can best be explained by asking another question:

“Why did not man discover, by looking around him, that he was living on the surface of what is, practically speaking, an immense sphere? Why did man for centuries think that the earth was flat? Simply because the sphere was so large that he could not see the curvature, but thought it was a flat surface . . .

“Now, in the case of the polar explorers the same thing is true. They sail up to the outer edge of the

immense polar opening, but that opening is so vast, considering that the crust of the earth over which it curves is 800 miles thick, that the downward curvature of this edge is not perceptible to them, and its diameter is so great—about 1400 miles—that its other side is not visible to them. So, if an explorer went far enough, he could sail right over that edge, down over the seas of the inner world and out through the Antarctic orifice, and all that would show him what he had done would be that as soon as he got inside he would see a smaller sun than he was accustomed to—only to him it might look larger owing to its closeness—and he would not be able to take any observations by the stars or even a night in which to see them.”

The reader then might pursue the issue, asking if gravity then would not pull the explorer who got inside the orifice away from the surface into the central sun? For does not gravity pull everything to the center of the earth?

The answer to this, according to Gardner, is that, in gravitational pull, it is not the geometric position that counts. He says: “Center, in the geometrical sense of the word, does not apply. It is the mass that attracts. And if the great mass of the earth is in its thick shell, it is the mass of the shell that will attract, and not a mere geometrical point which is not in the shell at all, but 2,900 miles away from it, as is the approximate distance between the central sun and the inner surface of the earth.

“It is the equal distribution of the force of gravity all through the shell that keeps the sun suspended in the spot which is equidistant from every part of the shell. When we are on the outside of the shell, it is the mass of the shell that attracts us to its surface. When we go over to the inside of the shell, that same

force will still keep our feet solidly planted on the inner surface."

Marshall Gardner also was deeply impressed by the supposed majesty of the inner world. He wrote an emotional chapter on this womb-like Utopia where corset factories were unknown and a population of Under-People could exist in a golden paradise, warmed by the central sun. He wrote:

"... What a veritable paradise of animal and vegetable life that must be! And perhaps for some sort of human life also, it is the land of perpetual ease and peace. ... When we penetrate their land we will find growing almost to the inner edge of the polar openings those trees of which we have seen so many drifting trunks and branches. We shall find, nesting perhaps in those trees, perhaps in the rocks around the inner polar regions, the flocks of swans, wild geese, and ross-gulls which [explorers] have often seen flying to the north to escape the rigors of climate which we, in our ignorance, have for so long supposed to be worse in the north than anywhere else."

Gardner spent several years of exhaustive research in formulating astronomical proof for his hollow earth theory. He was intrigued by professional reports on nebulae, those brilliant patches in the sky made by luminous masses of gas or distant stars. He claimed that planetary nebulae revealed a shell structure with an inner, or central, star and cited several astrological sources as his proof. He asked:

"... Why have scientists never really considered the problem of the shape of the planetary nebulae? they know ... that the planetary nebula takes the form of a hollow shell open at the poles and having a bright central nucleus or central sun at the center. It is evidently one stage in the evolution of the

nebula. Why have scientists never asked themselves what that conformation must logically lead to? ... My theory shows how that stage in the evolution of a nebula is reached and how it is passed ... what precedes it in the history of the nebula and what follows it ... a continuous evolution passing through that stage to further stages in which those polar openings are fixed, the shell solidified, the nebula reduced to a planet. And it must be remembered that while the original nebula was incomparably greater than a planet in size, measuring even millions of miles across, perhaps, at the same time, that nebula is composed of gasses so attenuated and so expanded by their immense heat that when they solidify they only make one planet."

Until his death in 1937, Marshall B. Gardner was frequently sought out by various news feature writers. The "Messiah" of the hollow earth cult never failed to provide an amusing, frequently informative, interview for sensationallly minded readers. Gardner's replies during those interviews were often sprinkled with "scientific" knowledge. It was all very simple, if one accepted the hollow earth with the central sun, but many confused reporters left with a notebook of bizarre notes. Culled from his various interviews, Gardner's message was a persistent theme on the astronomical "proof" of his inner earth. Some of the questions and his answers included:

*How do you account for the flashes of light which several astronomers have seen at the poles of Mars?*

"Professor Lowell attempted to dismiss these flashes as nothing more than reflections on polar ice. What the astronomers are actually viewing is the light from the central sun of Mars gleaming out through the pole openings on Mars. The fact that these flashes are seen only occasionally means that they are visible **only**

when Mars and the Earth are in the definite position to each other.

"Why have our scientists never made a comparison between the light flashes on Mars and our own northern lights on this planet? They are forgetting that the *aurora borealis* has occurred without any reference to a change in the magnetic needle. If the northern lights are independent of magnetic conditions, then where can we discover the source of the light? The reflection of the earth's *aurora borealis* can be likened to the flashes on Mars. How can science explain that the *aurora* can be seen very distinctly in the far north but only faintly when we are further south?

*What other astronomical evidence supports your theory?*

"In my book, I have printed the original drawing of Donati's comet, which was observed from the Florence observatory in 1858. The drawing clearly reveals that the structure of the comet was of a hollow sphere, with an outer crust and a central sun. The inner area was said to have shone with the 'brilliance equal to that of the brightest star.'

"I believe a comet is simply a planet that came into the orbit of another, larger body and was torn from its own spot in the universe. Moving through the heavens, it would eventually collide with another planet and the exploration that would result created a tremendous heat which transformed most of the mass into the gaseous tail which follows the comet. The fiery nucleus of the comet is nothing more than the central sun of the planet which broke away."

*You insist there are polar lights from Mercury, Venus and Mars. The reports from scientists support these conclusions. If these flashes of light are their*

*central suns, how does this affect our own aurora borealis?*

"It is one of the most valid of my proofs of a hollow earth. First, the northern lights are nothing more than the earth's central sun shining through the polar opening at night. The variations, streams and flashes are caused by clouds passing over the central sun. The Arctic explorers have proven that the *aurora* is not due to magnetic conditions. They declare there is absolutely no compass disturbance during a display of northern lights.

"There are other factors which prove the *aurora* is actually the central sun. Dr. Kane, the explorer, in his account of his expedition, reported the lights were brightest when they were white. When the reflection of the sun is so clear that all of the light is reflected, then we see a brighter effect than when the light is cut into prismic colors. In the latter case, the atmosphere is damp inside the earth and this creates the rainbow, or prismatic effect.

"Also, if the *aurora* is actually a reflection of the inner sun, we would expect it to be brightest near the polar opening. As we progressed further south, away from the opening, we would expect the central sun's light to dim. This is precisely what happens."

*You mentioned considerable animal life in the north. Can you substantiate this?*

"I was very thorough in my research and there are a half hundred books on Arctic exploration in my bibliography. The musk ox is not the only animal that is found where we would not expect it. In his notes, Hays tells of finding a butterfly, a mosquito, moths, spiders, flies, and bees at altitude 78 degrees, 17 minutes. In *Three Years in the Arctic Service*, Greely mentioned in the preface that the wonders of the Arctic Circle were so great that he was sometimes

forced to *modify*, or tone down, his notes. He understated things rather than be accused of exaggeration if he told the truth.

"Greely told of finding various unknown birds, mild temperatures, plenty of willows for firewood and many species of insects. He discovered two flowers in the Far North, varieties different than any he had ever seem. A tropical bean, an entada seed, was picked up by a Scandanavian expedition near Treurenberg Bay. Sverdrup was around 81 degrees north latitude when he saw so many rabbits that he named the place, Hare Fjord. There was so much game in that area that the entire expedition was well supplied with meat."

*What about bird life in the north?*

"This is equally fascinating. Captain Beechey spent some time on the west coast of Spitzbergen. The tiny Auk bird was so numerous that there were an estimated four to five million on the island! A single bullet would kill up to thirty of these small birds, they were that numerous. Their cries could be heard for many miles and their flocks darkened the skies. Franklin was leading another expedition north when the party saw geese migrating *north* for the winter.

"Franklin also noted that no matter how far his party penetrated into the northlands, they were always running into polar bears. He reported these bears were always moving north. I wonder what those giant beasts eat if there is nothing but a vast frozen land up there. Virtually every explorer reports that animals migrate north to escape the cold.

"Dr. Fridtjof Nansen expressed surprise at the warm weather and mentioned fox tracks he discovered in the far latitudes."

*What conclusions have you formulated on the origin of the Eskimos?*

"... That the Eskimo came from the interior of the earth, that is to say, from a location which they could not easily explain to the Norwegians who might have asked where they originally came from, is shown by the fact that the early Norwegians regarded them as a supernatural people, a species of fairy. When we remember that in the efforts of these Eskimos to tell where they came from they would point to the north and describe a land of perpetual sunshine, it is easy to see that the Norwegians who associated the polar regions with the end of the world, certainly not with a new world, would wonder at the strange origin this indicated. They would naturally assume that these were supernatural beings who came from some region under the earth—as that was always considered to be the abodes of fairies, gnomes and similar creatures.

"... Nansen says that Eskimo settlements increase not only by the tribe growing in numbers, but by 'fresh immigration from the north,' which clearly points to further additions from the interior of the earth.

"That they originally came from a land of constant sunshine, from a country much past the northern ice barrier is the tradition of the Eskimos themselves. And it is a tradition that must be given full weight, for it could not have arisen among them in the first place without cause. On this point Dr. Senn says: 'When questioned as to the land of their origin, they invariably pointed north without having the faintest perception of what this means.'

"Dr. Senn denies that they have any characteristics in common with the North American Indian and thinks they are the remnant of 'the oldest inhabitants of the western hemisphere.'

"As for the land of perpetual sunshine, the Eskimo,

of course, does not remember that as something he himself has seen, for it is very questionable that any of the Eskimos of the present generation have ever penetrated into the interior. But it is a well known fact that every race has its idea of a golden age, or paradise, which is generally composed of the elements being handed down in its stories and myths as being characteristic of its earliest home. Thus the Eskimo legends tell of an interior land with a warm, shining sun. . . . That paradise might serve as almost a literal description of the land of the interior of the earth. . . .

"In the Eskimo we find a type, changed now and mixed with other types, but still something of a type of human being that has inhabited or, very likely, still inhabits the interior of the earth. We can certainly find no origin for them that explains their present situation. And their legends admit of no other explanation either. For those legends certainly point to the same sort of land as every theory [in Gardener's book] has pointed to—a land of perpetual sunshine and a mild climate, a land corresponding to the 'Ultima Thule' of ancient legend and that may, sooner than the skeptic expects, be opened up.

" . . . It is quite possible that the Eskimos are not descended from any tribes driven out of China as that might imply, but that the Chinese, as well as the Eskimos, originally came from the interior of the earth."

There were never any agonies of doubt or self-recrimination for Marshall Gardner. Visitors always came away from their interviews with a feeling that the world was wrong and the man with the drooping mustache was right.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### UFOs from the Inner Earth

The government-financed Condon Report on Unidentified Flying Objects arrogantly pointed out recently that there is no such thing as a "flying saucer." This highly-touted, pseudo-scientific study was created, revised and, finally, rewritten at the University of Colorado. The Condon Report made a mockery of the cherished ideals of unbiased scientific research to arrive at this conclusion.

Thousands of people who have sighted flying saucers, or UFOs, were enraged by the report. "It was just another example of government boondoggling!" exclaimed a noted UFO expert. "What did people expect from a project that was created, controlled and financed by the government? I know there is something going on in our skies. But I do not expect the government to produce concrete evidence to support my belief. If the government released their files, we would have old ladies and the loony crowd howling in the streets."

Since that first bizarre UFO sighting over Washington State's Cascade Mountains in 1947, the reports of

flying saucers have puzzled, intrigued and confused millions of people in the past twenty-two years. The UFO is a will-o'-the-wisp enigma of the space age. The UFOs are swamp gas, electrical plasma, or great swarms of luminous flying ants, depending on which theory you read. They come from Mars, Venus, or some planet on the outer rim of the universe, and their message is "peace, baby, peace," and "you folks quit throwing those nuclear bombs around!" many contactees claim. Some say they are spiritual angels. Others confide that UFOs are piloted by ageless demons.

What are flying saucers? Where do they originate? Who are the pilots?

There is no answer to the most baffling phenomena of our time.

Although many UFO research groups will be quick to raise their hands in horror at the mere mention of this theory, a number of individuals have seen the UFOs as originating from the hollow earth.

"The idea of UFOs coming from a subterranean civilization is not as ridiculous as it may sound," reported Professor Juan da Silva, a South American who has studied the phenomena for two decades. "Many scientists are not covering up when they doubt the extraterrestrial theory of flying saucers. The vast miles in space are truly terrifying. Although we have a man on the moon, it would require years of travel at the speed of light to reach some stars in our solar systems.

"Although it sounds over-simplified, UFOs are either from outer space, or they originate here on earth," Professor da Silva continued. "For argument's sake, we will rule out the extraterrestrial theory for the moment. If they are from earth, who owns them?

"First, we must consider the possibility of a secret military weapon produced by the United States or

Russia. These two countries have the technological capability of constructing such a craft," he continued. "There could be a design problem to keep them operating solely on earth. They may operate only on a course with the curvature of the earth. This would mean our space programs, with powerful rockets, would be continued on the present course.

"Second, in the twenty-two years since Mr. Arnold saw his flying saucers, we have seen a tremendous upsurge in cold war spying," the professor stated. "If one country had these devices, others would have stolen the secret by now. The country that owned the secret of UFO flight would rule the world. This means that neither the USSR, nor the U.S., manufacture and produce these vehicles.

"Another reason for believing they are not owned by any known nation is the reports of their appearances," he went on. "Assume you have a secret weapon, a powerful device of superb speed, power and armament. You would keep it over your own territory. Heads would roll if such a craft were flown over another nation. Yet, we have seen UFO reports pour in from every nation in the world. Carrying this a bit further, if UFOs do not come from outer space and they are not from a known nation, then they must originate elsewhere. That place is the Atlantis beneath the surface. The hollow earth."

Professor da Silva added quickly, "I know. I know. It sounds like the ramblings of a lunatic. But these crafts do exist and every scientist, almost to a man, claims they are not interplanetary. Where then can they come from except from some unknown region of this earth? A gigantic land hidden in the interior with openings at the poles."

The professor's interviewer moved wearily from his comfortable chair, walked to a window and looked

out into the wintery night. It was a clear evening and the stars twinkled in a velvet sky. Or were they really a thousand saucers silently watching?

"I will accept your argument for a moment," the visitor said turning back to the professor and preparing the trap. "Now, I've heard a great deal of commotion about the holes at the poles, those alleged entrances into the inner earth. Tell me this, professor, if those holes exist, why haven't they been photographed by our American astronauts? Why haven't the over-the-pole airline flights reported them?"

"Check your photos taken from space," the professor replied. "You'll see that both poles have a misty, shadowy area. This may be a cloud cover. It could be a reflection from an inner sun, or whatever source of light they may use. As to the airlines, I will refer you to the various articles written by Ray Palmer. He covers that theory admirably."

Ray Palmer is a small man with a receding hairline and a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. Sitting at his cluttered desk in the office of his publishing company in Amherst, Wisconsin, Ray Palmer does not look like a courageous individual. Yet, over the past quarter of a century, he has been a persistent problem for several government agencies. Palmer was the editor of *Amazing Stories* when Kenneth Arnold sighted the first modern version of flying saucers. Moving quickly, Palmer obtained a story from Arnold and prepared to publish the manuscript in his magazine.

"The Air Force stepped in and tried to halt publication of the magazine," Palmer said, shuffling a stack of morning mail on his desk. "No one would have believed flying saucers from outer space in a science

fiction magazine. Their actions convinced me there was something to this incredible story."

That was Ray Palmer's first experience with government snooping and silencing. It has certainly not been his last encounter with attempted censorship. Throughout the years, the articulate little warrior from Amherst has held his own in the harrowing war with officialdom. A few years ago, he narrowly escaped a trumped-up charge of printing and peddling smut. Once, a government agent accused Palmer of using his printing presses to produce counterfeit money.

"They keep right on trying, despite the fact that we have always discredited their charges," Palmer said. "I still receive regular visits from almost every branch of government intelligence."

As editor of *Flying Saucers* magazine, Ray Palmer has his own theories on the origin of UFOs. Recently, he related his personal conviction that the answer to the origin of saucers will be found on our own planet. "The more you consider the extra-terrestrial theory, the more impossible it is to prove," he said. "UFOs have been seen since early times. Today, we seem to have a traffic jam of aerial objects zooming in from somewhere. It is difficult to believe that the earth is the only planet of interest to extra-terrestrial life forms.

"The more you consider space, with the hundreds of thousands of planets able to support life, the more doubtful it is that the residents of these worlds would continue to visit the earth," Palmer went on. "There is the problem of space distances. It would require several generations for a spaceship to reach earth from some of these planets. This is assuming they traveled at a speed several times greater than light.

"The theory that flying saucers have an earth base and may possibly be manned by an older earth race brings these hypotheses of cosmic concept down to reality," he said. "Our own atmosphere is certainly a heck of a lot closer than Alpha Centauri or the Milky Way!"

"I don't deny the possible existence of underground cities," Palmer continued. "I don't discount the possible reality of an underground culture. You can find references to subterranean lands in the most primitive oral traditions and right up to contemporary accounts."

In the December, 1959, issue of *Flying Saucers*, Palmer published his article entitled "Saucers from Earth! A Challenge to Secrecy!" UFO enthusiasts eagerly read that *Flying Saucers*, according to Palmer, had "amassed a large file of evidence, which its editors consider unassailable, to prove that flying saucers are native to the planet earth; that the governments of more than one nation (if not all of them) know this to be a fact; that concerted effort is being made to learn all about them; and to explore their native land ... the facts already known are considered so important that they are considered top secret ... that the danger is so great that to offer public proof is to risk widespread panic ... that public knowledge would bring public demand for action which would topple governments ... that the inherent nature of the flying saucers and their origination area is completely disruptive to political and economic *status quo*."

Mr. Palmer's article is well-researched and continues to provide mental stimulation for the reader. Re-

cently, he up-dated the original article for this publication. It follows:

Since the day Kenneth Arnold first brought flying saucers to wide public attention by his famous sighting, one fact has been consistently brought forth by investigators—flying saucers did not originate with that sighting, but have been with humanity for centuries, if not thousands of years. It is this fact of antiquity which poses the most important single factor in analyzing the phenomena. At one stroke it eliminates contemporary Earth governments as the originators of the mysterious phenomena.

Because of this antiquity, many investigators have turned from Earth to other planets, and to other solar systems. Each planet has its followers in this group of investigators, and such bodies as Venus, Mars, and Saturn are favorites with the so-called contactees. We are not at all concerned in this symposium of evidence with the contactee—a phenomenon as “unidentified” as UFOs themselves. It may not even be remotely related. However, chief among the advocates of interplanetary origin is Major Donald E. Keyhoe, whose efforts are entirely directed toward collecting evidence that will serve to advance this theory. The interplanetary theorist has a large following, and is, perhaps, the only theory that will even be considered by scientific men such as astronomers.

While it is true that there are many mysteries of an interplanetary nature, linking them with UFOs demands a stretching of the evidence, and a great deal of extrapolation. It may be true that there are “configurations” on the Moon, for instance, which are used by Keyhoe to postulate “flying saucers” on that body. Unfortunately (for Keyhoe) this same evidence is

used by contactees such as Adamski to support their contentions. Actually, the Moon is remote, in reference to Unidentified Aerial Phenomena, and we must disregard it when we speak of atmospheric phenomena; events which occur within our atmosphere. Since almost all "sightings" are "in-atmosphere" in nature, the greatest percentage of thinking on them must be limited to the atmosphere.

Because our planet is quite well (but not completely) known, it has been easy for interplanetary theorists to prove that the strange objects are not made by any single government or group of governments on Earth. Such a vast project could not remain secret over so long a period, and, also, the matter of antiquity does not allow the phenomena to be fitted into the history of existing governments.

How well-known is Earth? Is there any area on Earth which can be regarded as a possible origin for the flying saucers? There are two, speaking in major terms, and four, speaking in more minor terminology. The two major areas, in order of importance, are Antarctica and the Arctic; the South Polar continent, and the North Polar area. We speak of the North Polar area because exploration made public to date indicates there is no land, but that it is an ocean, frozen over with ice, under which exploration by submarine is being carried on. The two minor areas are South America's Matto Grosso and Asia's Tibetan Highlands.

Could flying saucers come from any of these areas? We can largely eliminate the Matto Grosso and the Tibetan Highlands; firstly, because of the enormous numbers of the UFO, and, secondly, because these areas are not entirely unexplored, and can be flown over almost at will. Evidence is lacking in both these areas. Negative evidence, however, does exist in some

measure, sufficiently to cause theorists to discard both areas, except in a minor way. At most, either or both Matto Grosso and Tibetan Highland, can be suspected to be "bases" or something on the order of "way stations."

What about the North Pole? Explorers say it is entirely oceanic in nature, covered with ice which sometimes melts in part, and in many areas is quite thin at all times. The depth of the ocean beneath this ice varies from some 24 fathoms to several miles. Flights have been made to and across the North Pole. Submarines, notably *Nautilus* and *Skate*, have travelled to the Pole and returned, crossing from one side to the other (Point Barrow to Spitzbergen). Apparently the sort of base necessary for the UFO mystery in its entirety does not exist in the North Polar regions.

What about the South Pole? Here we have a continent quite as large as North and South America combined, insofar as land mass is concerned. At least one large area (40,000 square miles) is known to experience 100 per cent melting during the summer, and even in winter, possesses warm water lakes (from warm springs, geysers, etc.). This area is under control of the Russians, who have a permanent base there. Expeditions from both Little America and from the British zone of exploration, have reached the South Pole. Expeditions have also reached the South Magnetic Pole. This is a distinction it is necessary to stress, due to the strange fact that the South Magnetic Pole is actually 2,300 miles distant from the South Geographic Pole. It is a fact that a tremendous land area exists in the South Pole Continental Area, which is unexplored and which constitutes a large blank on the map of Earth.

Let us consider the North Pole first, and discover

what we know about it. What are the facts about the "top" of the earth?

First, it is surrounded on all sides by known areas of land. Siberia, Spitzbergen, Alaska, Canada, Finland, Norway, Greenland, Iceland. The northern shores of these lands border on the Arctic Ocean, in the vertical center of which both the geographic and magnetic poles exist. These two poles are separated by many miles, and one of them, the magnetic pole, is known to "wander" somewhat.

The North Pole has been reached by a number of expeditions. For example, the exploits of the *Nautilus* and *Skate*, both atomic submarines which traversed the entire extent of the Arctic Ocean beneath the ice, making the Pole itself (magnetic) a stopping point. On the surface of things, it can be said that the North Polar Area is fairly well explored. In addition to our submarine explorations, the Russians have also traversed the Arctic Ocean. They have even established magnetic "bases," navigational aids which they have planted along Alaskan and Canadian shores, so that rocket-launching atomic bomb submarines can proceed swiftly to a pre-arranged launching site, and fire rockets on prearranged courses. American submarines have been busily (we hope) moving these navigational aids to new sites which throw off the prearranged calculations, thus making them worthless.

But there is an area of doubt which should be explored and presented as the first of bits of evidence which point to what may well be the best-kept secret in history. In order to do so, we must go back to 1947. In February of that year, Admiral Richard E. Byrd, the one man who has done the most to make the North Pole a known area, made the following statement: "I'd like to see that land beyond the Pole. That

area beyond the Pole is the center of the great unknown."

Millions of people read his statement in their daily newspaper. And millions thrilled to the Admiral's subsequent flight to the Pole and to a point 1,700 miles beyond it. Millions heard the radio broadcast description of that flight, which was also published in the newspapers. Briefly, we will recount that flight as it progressed. When the plane took off from its Arctic base, it proceeded straight north to the Pole. From that point, it flew on a total of 1,700 miles beyond the Pole, and then retraced its course to its Arctic base. As progress was made beyond the Pole point, iceless land and lakes, mountains covered with trees, and even a monstrous animal moving through the underbrush, were observed and reported via radio by the plane's occupants. For almost all of the 1,700 miles the plane flew over land, mountains, trees, lakes, rivers.

What land was it? Look at your map. Calculate the distance to the Pole from all the known lands we have previously mentioned. A good portion of them are well within the 1,700 mile range. But none of them are within 200 miles of the Pole. Byrd flew over no known land. He himself called it "the great unknown." And great it is, indeed! For after 1,700 miles over land, he was forced by gasoline supply limit to return, and he had not yet reached the end of it! He should have been well inside one of the known areas mentioned. He should have been back to "civilization." But he was not. He should have seen nothing but ice-covered ocean, or, at the very most, partially open ocean. Instead he was over mountains covered with forests.

Forests! Incredible! The northernmost limit of the timberline is located well down into Alaska, Cana-

da and Siberia. North of that line no tree grows! All around the North Pole, the trees do not grow within 1,700 miles of the Pole!

What have we here? We have the well-authenticated flight of Admiral Byrd to a land beyond the Pole that he so much wanted to see, because it was the center of the unknown, the center of mystery. Apparently he had his wish gratified to the fullest, yet today nowhere is that mysterious land mentioned. Why? Was that 1947 flight fiction? Did all the newspapers lie? Did the radio from Byrd's plane lie?

Beyond? What did the Admiral mean when he used that word? How is it possible to go "beyond" the Pole? Let us consider a moment: Let us imagine that we are transported, by some miraculous means to the exact point of the North Magnetic Pole. We arrive there instantaneously, not knowing from which direction we came. And all we know is that we are to proceed from the Pole to Spitzbergen. But where is Spitzbergen? Which way do we go? South, of course! But which south? All directions from the North Pole are South.

This is actually a simple navigational problem. All expeditions to the Pole, whether flown or by submarine, or on foot, have been faced with this problem. Either they must retrace their steps, or discover which southerly direction is the correct one to their destination, whatever it has been determined to be. The problem is solved by making a turn, in any direction, and proceeding approximately 20 miles. Then we stop, shoot the stars, correlate with our compass reading (which no longer points straight down, but toward the North Magnetic Pole), and plot our course on the map. Then it is simple matter to proceed to Spitzbergen by going south.

Admiral Byrd did not follow this traditional navigational procedure. When he reached the Pole, he continued on for 1700 miles. To all intents and purposes, he continued on a northerly course, after crossing the Pole. And, weirdly, it stands on the record that he succeeded, for he did see that "land beyond the Pole" which, to this day, if we are to scan the records of newspapers, book, radio, television and word of mouth, has never been revisited!

That land, on today's maps, cannot exist. But since it does, we can only conclude that today's maps are incorrect, incomplete, and do not present a true picture of the northern hemisphere!

Having thus located a great land mass in the North, not on any map today, a land which is the center of the great unknown, which can only be construed to imply that the 1700-mile extent traversed by Byrd is only a portion of it, let us go to the South Pole. The expedition was to be headed by Richard E. Byrd. It consisted of five ships, fourteen airplanes, special tractors, and a complement of 1,393 men. The stated purpose of the expedition was as follows: "To construct a satellite base at the South Pole."

In San Francisco, on the eve of his departure, Admiral Byrd delivered a radio address in which he stated: "This is the most important expedition in the history of the world."

Let us pause a moment and pretend we are rocket men, primarily the scientists-rocketmen who are engaged in launching satellites. Our task is a troublesome one. Many failures result. Our work is a tremendously difficult task, and sometimes important rocket shoots are delayed for days by weather. Our base is a gigantic one, here at Cape Kennedy. The logistics problem is enormous. The rockets themselves weigh hundreds of tons. To be asked to set up such a

satellite base at the South Pole would cause us to stare in utter amazement at the official making the request. We would waste no time in informing him that he hasten immediately to his psychiatrist and retire from active service, for he has indeed "gone off his rocker." In short, a satellite base at the tip of the South America is entirely adequate. Or on a series of ships anchored about the Antarctic Circle.

This, then, cannot be a satellite base. It must be something else. On January 13, 1956, we learn what it really is. On that date the U.S. Navy flies to a point 2,300 miles beyond the South Pole. The entire distance is accomplished overland.

Once again, look at your map. Unlike the North Polar Sea, the South Polar continent is entirely surrounded by water. And in all cases, no matter what direction you proceed from the South Pole, you pass from the continental area to a known oceanic area. You proceed hundreds of miles over water to reach a distance of 2,300 miles.

Once again we have penetrated an unknown and mysterious land which does not appear on today's maps. Again we find no further announcement beyond the initial announcement of the achievement.

And, strangest of all, we find the world's millions absorbing the announcements, and registering a complete blank insofar as curiosity is concerned. Nobody, hearing the announcements, or reading of them in the newspaper, bothers to get a map and check the facts! Or, if they do, they only shake their heads in puzzlement, and then shrug their shoulders. If Admiral Byrd is not bothered with the apparent inconsistencies, why should they be?

Here, then, are the facts: At both poles exist unknown and vast land areas, not in the least unin-

habitable, extending for distances which can only be called tremendous, because they encompass an area bigger than any known continental area! The North Polar Mystery Land seen by Byrd and his crew is at least 1700 miles across its traversed direction, and cannot be conceived to be merely a narrow strip, as the factor of coincidence in flying precisely along its longest extent is improbable. It is a land area perhaps as large as the entire United States!

The land area at the South Pole, considering that the flight began 400 miles west of the Pole, and thus covers a continuous land area of 3700 miles in one direction, means a land area possibly as big as North America in addition to the known extent of the South Polar Continent, which is located north of the Pole whereas the 2,300-mile land traversed by the Navy plane is "beyond" the Pole. Once more the same condition of navigation exists: progress was made to the Pole and then straight on beyond it, with the one difference that the South Geographic Pole is located 2,300 miles away from the South Magnetic Pole, and it is not necessary to perform the navigational maneuver described previously. If navigating from the South Magnetic Pole, the procedure is again necessary, with differences due to the greater angle of inclination to the stars, and the possibility of navigation entirely by the stars rather than with the aid of a compass.

Let's stop here and make a statement that logically follows: The flying saucers could come from these two unknown lands "beyond the Poles."

It is our opinion that the existence of these lands cannot be disproved by anyone, considering the facts of the two expeditions, which we have outlined. These facts can be checked by anyone. You have merely to read the newspapers of the day.

Just for the record, let's present the actual announcement carried by press and radio on February 5, 1956: "On January 13, members of the United States expedition accomplished a flight of 2,700 miles from the base at McMurdo Sound, which is 400 miles west of the South Pole, and penetrated a land extent of 2,300 miles beyond the Pole."

And, on March 13, Admiral Byrd reported, upon his return from the South Pole: "The present expedition has opened up a vast new land."

Finally, in 1957, before his death, he reported it as: "That enchanted continent in the sky, land of everlasting mystery!" which statement remains as the most mysterious of all, and almost inexplicable. "Enchanted continent in the sky. . . ." Everlasting mystery, indeed.

Considering all this, is there any wonder that the nations of the world have suddenly found the South Polar region (particularly), because of its known land area, and the North Pole region so intensely interesting and important, and have launched explorations on a scale actually tremendous in scope?

And was it because of Admiral Byrd's weird flight into an unknown Polar land in 1947 that the International Geophysical Year was conceived in that year, and finally brought to fruition ten years later? Did his flight make it suddenly imperative to discover the real nature of this planet we live on, and solve the tremendous mysteries that unexpectedly confronted us?

If you have followed us thus far, it may be that you have gone to your map or your globe and have tried to fit these mysterious lands onto the planet, and have come up with a snort and said: "These bits of evidence are all very well, but the fact remains there is nowhere physically to place these land masses. Since

the space to do so is lacking, there exists a fundamental impossibility, which cannot be overcome." Good boy. Don't give up your guns. Insist that we overcome this fundamental impossibility, and support our original evidence in not a few ways, but in hundreds.

There is evidence; and it is totally factual. It covers the fields of astronomy, physics, chemistry, geology, anthropology and exploration.

The question that most logically follows the two instances of exploration which we have outlined is whether or not other Polar Expeditions have encountered similar and confirming conditions. In order to answer this question, it will be necessary to examine the records of all North and South Pole explorations from the very first of which modern man has any knowledge. As a sub-subject, it might be interesting later on to go into legend and confirmation, but we are concerned now only with presenting probable facts. In the presentation of these facts, we intend to draw no conclusions. They should become obvious to the reader without prompting.

To those of you so inclined, there must be a great deal of interest in the historically famous debate on which, or both, or neither, Cook or Peary actually reached the North Pole. In the years following these expeditions, much debate went on, and even today arguments rage. Briefly, let's outline the claims of both men.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook said he reached the Pole on April 21, 1908. His announcement was followed a few days later by one from Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary that he had reached the Pole on April 6, 1909. Both men hurled accusations against the other, Cook even saying that Peary had appropriated some of his stores cached against his return from the Pole. Cook, in his turn, failed to supply notes he said he had kept of his

trip, and thereby cast doubt on his own story. The reader who is interested in the whole story should visit his library and read up on the controversy.

Although Cook claims to have been the first to reach the Pole, we will take Peary's claim, which has been universally recognized, and examine it. Cook's claim was discredited on one basis because the sun altitude was so low that observations of it as proof of position were worthless. It should be noted that Peary also reached the Pole in April, fifteen days earlier in the season, and therefore under even more adverse solar observations conditions. His calculations therefore are more suspect than Cook's. Cook, it was said, had no witnesses through choice, having ordered his white companions to remain behind, while he went on alone with one Eskimo companion to the Pole. Cook was doubted in his claim that he averaged fifteen miles a day. Peary claimed to have made over twenty. Undoubtedly the argument will never be settled. However, there is a factor regarding Peary's dash to the Pole, which, in our opinion is quite remarkable. This factor lies in the fantastic speed with which he made his trip.

When Peary neared the 98th parallel, he decided to attempt the final dash to the Pole in five days. He made 25 miles the first day; 20 on the second; 20 on the third; 25 on the fourth; 40 on the fifth. His five-day average was 26 miles. On the return trip he traveled a total of 153 miles in two days, including a halt 5 miles from the Pole to take a sounding of the ocean depth. This is an average of  $76\frac{1}{2}$  miles per day. His actual traveling time was approximately 19 hours per day. This is a walking speed of 4 miles per hour. Can a man walk that fast under the incredible conditions of the North Pole area, an ice-terrain described by the men of the atomic submarine *Skate* as

fantastically jumbled and jagged? And yet, further south, with presumably better going, he was able to average only 20 miles per day.

We stress the distances only because the ones nearest the Pole are weirdly impossible. Only if Peary was reporting honestly would he have included such contradictory calculations which he must have known would discredit his story. Therefore we can assume that he did report honestly, and that we have a speed of travel which projects into the same mysterious area in the same "unfittable" manner as a whole vast continent fits into a space that is totally lacking. When traveling over a land whose dimensions are fantastically "expanded," will we not also travel at an equally fantastically "expanded" speed? It will be well to remember that these speeds were calculated by astronomical observation, because the astronomical basis of these calculations will be taken up later in presentation of evidence.

To those who will study up on the subject of Polar Exploration, it will soon become evident that the feature most agreed upon by all North Polar explorers is that the area is oceanic, covered by water, and that it is variously frozen over or partially open, depending on the time of year. One peculiarity which many explorers remark upon however, is that paradoxically, the open water exists in greater measure at the nearer reaches of the Pole. In fact, some explorers found it very hot going at times, and were forced to shed their Arctic clothing; there even being one record of an encounter with naked Eskimos! Yet, with all this confirmed oceanic area, we have the contradiction of Admiral Byrd's flight being almost entirely over land, mountains covered with trees, interspersed with lakes and streams.

One of the reports from the Byrd expedition was

the sighting of the huge animal with dark fur. Are there such animals, or traces of them in the Arctic? Beginning in Siberia, along the Lena River, there lie exposed on the soil and buried within it, the bones and tusks of literally millions of mammoths and mastodons. The scientific concensus is that these are pre-historic remains, and that the mammoth existed some 20,000 years ago, and was wiped out in the unknown catastrophe we now call the last Ice Age. In 1799, a fisherman named Schumachoff, living in Tongoose (Siberia), discovered a complete mammoth frozen in a clear block of ice. Hacking it free, he despoiled it of its huge tusks, and left the carcass of fresh meat to be devoured by wolves. Later, an expedition set out to examine it and today its skeleton may still be seen in the Museum of Natural History in Petrograd (then St. Petersburg).

Early in the century, approximately 1910, a very scientific meal was served in Petrograd. It consisted of wheat from the Egyptian tombs, preserved foods from Pompeii and Herculaneum, mammoth meat from Siberia, and other interesting and ancient viands. The mammoth meat was fresh, and the mammoth from which it had been taken still had undigested food in its stomach, consisting of young shoots of fir and pine, and young fir cones. According to the scientists, this mammoth was one of the millions slain instantly in a gigantic catastrophe 20,000 years ago, in a habitat then tropical, in which the vegetation was fern and tropical in nature. Yet, in the stomach of this mammoth is found the sparse food of a sub-Arctic area such as much of Alaska or Northern Canada is today. There is good reason to cast doubt upon the tropic origin of the mammoth, and its sudden demise. And if the demise were not sudden, then the presence of undigested food (not digested even by so much as

minutes exposure to stomach acids) in the stomach of the mammoth is unexplainable. True the death must have been sudden, but it was not of tropic locale. If not tropic, then the Ice Age onset is not the cause of death. The cause of death, then, is Arctic in nature, and could have occurred any time. But, since the Ice Age, there have been no mammoths in the known world. Unless they exist in the mysterious land beyond the Pole, where one of them was actually seen alive by members of the Byrd expedition! Others who dined on mammoth meat were James Oliver Curwood and Gabrielle D'Annunzio, who gave a banquet at the Hotel Carlton in Paris.

We have taken the mammoth as a rather sensational modern evidence of Byrd's mysterious land, but there are many lesser proofs that an unknown originating point exists somewhere in the northern reaches. We will merely list a few, suggesting that the reader, in examining the records of polar expeditions for the past two centuries, will find evidences of both fauna and flora impossible to reconcile with the known areas surrounding the Polar Area on our present-day maps.

The musk ox, contrary to expectations, migrates north in the wintertime. Repeatedly, Arctic explorers have observed bear heading north into an area where there cannot be food for them. Foxes also are found north of the 80th parallel, heading north, obviously well-fed. Without exception, Arctic explorers agree that the further north one goes the warmer it gets. Invariably, a north wind brings warmer weather. Coniferous trees drift ashore, from out of the north. Butterflies and bees are found in the far north, but never hundreds of miles further south; not until Canadian and Alaskan climate areas conducive to such insect life are reached. Unknown varieties of

flowers are found. Birds resembling snipe, but unlike any known species of bird, come out of the north, and return there. Hare are plentiful in an area where no vegetation ever grows, but where vegetation appears as drifting debris from the northern open waters. Eskimo tribes, migrating northward, have left unmistakable traces of their migration in their temporary camps, always advancing northward. Southern Eskimos themselves speak of tribes that live in the far north. The Ross gull, common at Point Barrow, migrates in October toward the north. Only Admiral Byrd's "mystery land" can account for these inexplicable facts and migrations.

The Scandinavian legend of the wonderful land far to the North called "Ultima Thule" (commonly confused today with Greenland) is significant when studied in detail, because of its remarkable far north location. To assume that Ultima Thule exists is to come face to face with the contradiction of the Greenland Ice Cap, which fills the entire Greenland basin to a depth of 10,000 feet. A green, fertile land in this location places itself so deep in antiquity that it postulates an overturn of the Earth, and a new North Pole area (see *National Geographic's* exploration of the Greenland Ice Cap and its possible significance).

Is Admiral Byrd's land of mystery, center of the great unknown, the same as the Ultima Thule of the Scandinavian legends?

There are mysteries concerning the Antarctic also. Perhaps the greatest is a highly technical one of biology itself; for on the New Zealand and South American land masses are identical fauna and flora which could not have migrated from one to the other, but rather from a common motherland. That motherland is believed to be the Antarctic Continent. But on a

more "popular" level is the case of the sailing vessel *Gladys*, captained by E. B. Hatfield, in 1893. The ship was completely surrounded by icebergs at 43 degrees south and 33 degrees west and finally escaped its entrapment at 40 degrees south and 30 degrees west. At this latitude an iceberg was observed which bore a large quantity of sand and earth, and which revealed a beaten track, a place of refuge formed in a sheltered nook, and the bodies of five dead men who lay on different parts of the berg. Bad weather prevented any attempts at further investigation.

Bear in mind that it is a unanimous concensus among scientists that the one thing peculiar to the Antarctic is that there are no human tribes living upon it. But this consensus must be wrong, because investigation showed that no vessel was lost in the Antarctic at that time, so that the dead men could not have been shipwrecked sailors. Even today, with Antarctic exploration at its height, the lack of human life on the bleak continent is agreed upon. Could it be that these men who died on that berg came from "that mysterious land beyond the south Pole" discovered by the Byrd expedition? Had they ventured out of their way along the ice shelf, finally to be drifted to their deaths at sea on a portion of it, broken away to become an iceberg while they were on it?

Most recent evidence that there is something strange about the Poles of Earth comes in the launching of Polar orbit satellites. The first six of these rockets launched by the United States from the California coast were full of disappointments—and surprises. The first two, although perfect launchings, seemed to go wrong at the last minute, and although presumed to be in orbit, failed to show up on the first complete pass around the Earth. Technically speaking, they should have gone into orbit but they did

not. Something happened, and the location of this something was the Polar area.

The next two rockets fired did achieve orbits. This was done by "elevating sights," so to speak, and trying for a higher orbit, with a large degree of eccentricity, that is, a high point of orbit above the poles and a low point of orbit of equatorial areas. It was admitted that this eccentric orbit would produce a short-lived orbit, but it would also give the advantage of readings at widely varied heights above the Earth. Especially interesting was the readings expected above the Poles, because of the discovery of the radiation ring that surrounds the Earth like a huge doughnut, with openings at both Poles. Scientists were very anxious to map this area of low radiation, because it offered a hope of an escape breach for future space travelers who faced almost certain death from radiation while passing through the forbidding belt discovered around the equatorial and temperate areas of the Earth.

The next two satellites bore nose cones similar to those in which a future astronaut would be sent into orbit. In each one was a powerful radio transmitter, which was possible because the cone was the size of an automobile, and carried heavy batteries. Also included were powerful lights which could be illuminated at the proper time. The technique of releasing this cone from the satellite was to drop it by a radio-triggered device somewhere above Alaska. Once dropped, the cone lost altitude and proceeded around the Earth for one more revolution on its orbit. Having come over the Pole, it was then low enough (calculated the rocket men) to drop into the atmosphere over Hawaii, where a parachute would lower it slowly to the Earth's surface, and there huge planes awaited, rigged to "fish for" the descending cone, and take it

into the plane before it dropped into the ocean and thus retrieve its important contents intact, without damage of crash landing.

On both occasions the following happened: The powerful radio signals were not heard at all. The lights were not seen at all. Radar, with a range of at least 500 miles, detected absolutely nothing. Each pick-up was a complete failure because there was nothing to pick up.

The explanation of the radio failure was advanced as "freezing" of the batteries so that the radio failed to work. No explanation was given for the failure of lights, or of radar detection. That the batteries froze is a strange explanation, considering that similar batteries in other satellites, orbiting for months, and even years, have never frozen. Failure might be admitted in one case, but total failure in both instances bears the aura of improbability.

Each launching was perfect. Orbits finely determined as to exact distance, speed, etc. were achieved, and constantly tracked. Yet, when the final deed is done, and the cone is detached successfully according to monitoring devices signaling the detachment, everything goes wrong and the result is complete and inexplicable disappearance of the cone. True, the statement is made that there is only a 1,000-to-1 chance of success, and thus two failures are not unreasonable. But the failures are not to be complete ones. By failure is meant the successful final "pick-up" of the cone by the aircraft. Not complete disappearance! At least radio signals will be received, lights will be seen, radar will spot the descending cone.

Can it be that the reason the descending cone does not come over the Pole on that last low pass is because the Polar area is mysterious in extent, not in the

area calculated by the rocket men, and therefore not taken into consideration? Can it be that the nose cone fell to Earth inside that "land of mystery" discovered by Admiral Byrd? Where else could they have gone? If the Earth at the Poles is as given on today's maps, could four successive "low-level" launchings give the same inexplicable result—unreasonable disappearance?

If there are 1,700 (or more) miles of land extent, in addition to the area bounded by longitudes and latitudes on a sphere existing in the Arctic, it follows that the recorded disappearances are not inexplicable, but certain to occur! Naturally a rocket cone figured to traverse a certain distance (in these cases approximately 33,000 miles) will not land at a predetermined point if the distance to be traveled is greater by 1,700 miles. Our radar will fail to find our cone, and our eyes will see no lights. But why will our radio fail to send its signals to us? Is it because that "land of mystery" is of an "intervening" nature? Radio waves will not go through the Earth, of course. If solid substance intervenes, then we can understand why radio waves do not penetrate it. But what kind of a land configuration can it be that "intervenes" in this way? Why don't we have the "skip and bounce" effect from the stratosphere, which presumably exists over Byrd's "land of mystery" as well as over the lands on the map?

Since the mapped area of the spherical Earth does not allow sufficient room in which to place our two mystery lands, can it be that the Earth is of a different shape, one that allows us to place these lands on that portion of it which does not come under the category of "spherical"?

The arguments for a perfectly round Earth are not based on fact, only on assumption. This assumption is

based on a brand of astronomy no longer acceptable to the scientist. Today, the nebular theory of formation of planets, suns, even galaxies, is looked upon favorably. The condensation of nebula into stars and planets is accomplished by whirling motion. The whirling motion more often produces the "spindle" shape, round at the "equator," and projecting at the "pole"; or the doughnut shape, with flattened poles and holes through the middle. Since the Earth so formed, it may well be that it is either shape.

On the one hand, the "spindle" shape possessed many specific arguments against it, and is the least reasonable. Astronomical bearings taken anywhere on the "spindle" portion would begin to show telltale evidence of the existence of the "spindle" shape. And they would be the reverse of factual sightings and bearings taken by Polar explorers. Actually, the bearings taken point to the "doughnut" shape.

Let us go back to Admiral Perry: his astounding rate of travel on his return from the Pole. If he were traveling over the inner lip of a "doughnut" shape, his bearings would indicate a great distance traveled due to the fore-shortened horizon, and the "expanded" angle used in making his trigonometrical calculations. Actually he would be traveling the same distance each day, and the drop in speed would be entirely compatible with the bearing observations taken with a constantly lengthening horizon.

Rocket scientists have made much of the discovery of the Van Allen Belt, which is a belt of radiation surrounding the Earth. The reader is invited to read about it in *Scientific American* and especially note the drawings of its shape, which are precisely like a vast "doughnut," with the spherical Earth pictured at its center, in the "hole" of the doughnut. What if the Earth is not spherical, but actually doughnut shaped,

exactly as its surrounding Van Allen Belt? Whatever makes the belt thusly shaped, might it not also be responsible for shaping the Earth similarly?

The evidence is extremely strong, and amazingly prolific in scope and extent, that the Earth actually is shaped in this fashion. And if it is hollow, then we no longer need look for the saucers from outer space—but rather from “inner space”! And judging from the evidences, the interior is extremely habitable. Vegetation in abundance is there; animals abound; the “extinct” mammoth still lives! Byrd flew 1,700 miles over the inner edge of the “doughnut hole,” and the Navy flew 2,700 miles over the opposite inner edge. Both flights went a partial way into the inner Earth. And if this is all true, then no doubt extended flights to 10,000 miles and beyond have been made since 1957 into the hollow Earth, for we have the planes with the range to do it! If the government knew the significance of the Byrd-Navy flights, it would certainly not neglect to explore further!

Aime Michel, in his “straight line” theory, proved that most of the “flight patterns” of the flying saucers are on a north-south course, which is exactly what would be true if the origin of the saucers is Polar.

Many UFO researchers agree with Ray Palmer. In his book, *Our Paradise Inside the Earth*, author Theodore Fitch reports his belief that flying saucers come from inside the earth and their occupants purposely spread false stories to protect their place of origin. Such white lies would prevent possible hostilities between the surface nations and the inner world.

Fitch described a UFO pilot as “... smaller than we [although] they are stronger. Their grip is like a vise. One of them could quickly overpower a strong

man. Their bodies are perfect in build. Both men and women dress neatly. Though not beautiful, they are nice looking. Not one of them looks to be over thirty years old. They say they do not expect to ever die." Fitch also believes that the subterranean master race are the descendants of the Atlanteans. He continues:

"... They say they know all the secrets of every government. They say they are of higher intelligence and authority. Since they are our superiors they have authority over us. They claim to be experts in mental telepathy. They claim to come from an antediluvian race [such as Atlantis and Lemuria] ... they claim they are a race that has not fallen as we have. They say we should have a world government. They say we should get rid of bombs and armaments.

"They say that all their efforts are for peace ... [and] our peace is due to their efforts in our behalf, and that they saved us from being plunged into a suicidal nuclear war, and that we should look ... to them for guidance."

Fitch also described a Communist-type of economic system in the subterranean world, with an elimination of all class distinctions. Rich and poor are unknown in the inner earth, he reported, and all products are fairly distributed with perfect equality through common ownership.

Assuming such Atlanteans, or Under-People, have existed, they may have a difficult moment in obtaining a hearing for their views on the surface world. Very few of us would submit to their authority, regardless of their claims to higher intelligence. One can imagine the enormous indignation felt by the politicians and the public when a subterranean visitor declares we are a "fallen race." If the inner kingdom is a reality, it is perhaps just as well that the Under-

People have exercised silence concerning their existence.

There has always been considerable UFO activity in both the north and south polar regions. Military personnel and scientists involved in "deep-freeze" research have frequently reported flying saucers sightings over their encampments. "A large, lens-shaped flying object was observed by the Naval Garrison in Argentine Antarctic, on Deception Isle, on July 3rd," the secretary of the Argentine Navy reported in 1965. "... the object was witnessed by the meteorologist, together with 13 members of the garrison and three Chilean sub-officers visiting the base." Two other Antarctic bases witnessed the flight of a similar object that same afternoon. Such sightings are typical of hundreds of UFOs observed in polar regions in the past two decades.

Some researchers claim the real reason behind intensified polar research is to detect the flights of flying saucers. "There are events occurring in the polar regions that defy the imagination of man," several UFO experts maintain.

One of the latest UFO sightings in the northland occurred during a polar flight sponsored by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. One of NASA's duties is to make scientific measurements and observations from space and aeronautical vehicles. An aerial expedition in February-March, 1968, to the Arctic Circle flew directly into the heart of the northern lights, or *Aurora Borealis*, and traveled with the lights at a high altitude flight.

Sally Remaley, a reporter for the *Bradenton* (Florida) *Herald* accompanied the flight expedition. While the scientists studied the flashing patterns of blue-green *aurora* lights, Sally Remaley glanced down into the deserted isolation of the polar land. She wrote of

her experience in the June, 1969, issue of *Fate* magazine, in an article entitled "Luminous Objects on Arctic Ice" and reported:

"... But when I glanced out the window I quickly forgot about being cold. Far below on the icy surface were three round glowing lights arranged in a straight line. Each light was huge; all were the same size and perfectly round. They were luminous, glowing with an inner white light *completely different from any other thing we had seen in the Arctic.*"

Reporter Remaley felt the objects looked like flying saucers on, or *beneath*, the ice. She made sketches of the light patterns in her reporter's notebook and discovered the objects were arranged in such a manner as to produce a *perfect arrow!* She wrote: "... But I can still see in my mind as clearly as I saw them that night, those strange lights on the ice up there over the Polar Cap. And the more I think about them, the more convinced I become that they were the result of *intelligent planning* for an unknown purpose. I am convinced that we were not alone, at least we weren't that night."

## CHAPTER NINE

### The Believers!

At first, several of his friends thought Captain John Cleve Symmes was joking. Although he was known as a dour, humorless, retired war hero, few people would condemn the valiant captain for secretly taking a few nips from a gin bottle. After receiving a decoration for bravery during a battle in the War of 1812, Captain Symmes had retired from the U.S. Infantry to pursue other interests with unflagging energy.

Now, on a hot summer's afternoon in 1818, the retired soldier walked briskly down the wooden sidewalks in Hamilton, Ohio, distributing handbills to passersby. "Read the advertisement carefully," he declared to mystified pedestrians. "I need one hundred brave, courageous companions to join me on a journey into the earth's interior."

From that fateful morning, Captain Symmes spent the remainder of his life in a pathetic effort to convince the world that our planet was composed of five concentric spheres. "There are large holes at the poles," Symmes announced. "Both the North and South Pole holes are several thousand miles in di-

ameter. I plan to lead an expedition into the north hole."

There were few volunteers to follow the captain into "Symmes' holes," as those alleged openings were tagged by believers and skeptics alike. However, the energetic captain did draw a wide-eyed band of fanatical disciples. They clung on his every word and financed his lecture tours around the United States.

For more than a decade, the obsessed captain fought stagecoach schedules, poor accommodations and greasy food in his lecture tours across the United States. From Podunk Center to Philadelphia, the captain lectured to obtain donations to finance his proposed journey into the pole holes. In New York City, he drew more than 500 persons and the audiences consisted of several noted scientists. In the small towns, he frequently delivered his speech in a tight, nasal voice to a small audience. Whether it was a large city or a backwoods town in the boondocks, Symmes was subjected to brutal ridicule and unmerciful criticism.

"I think you're teeched," someone in the audience invariably would shout.

"He's got a hole in the haid," would snicker another burly boy.

The captain dismissed his detractors. "It is my fervent belief that there are definitely holes in the poles. Abundant plant and animal life exists on both the convex and concave surfaces of these five inner spheres," he droned. "In addition, I—"

"How you gonna get down them big holes, Cap'in?" a man in the audience would yell.

Captain Symmes bristled with anger. "Anyone other than a complete idiot knows that the oceans flow in and out of these polar openings. I have facts which—"

"You're a real sight," another shouts.

"You're more fun than a dog fight," lisped a third.

"Captain, we'll every dang-nab man of us sign up for your big deal," the shout finally would come. "How much are you paying a month?"

"Friends, I hope to finance the expedition through donations and—" the captain faltered. He pressed his chin tight against his chest. "... I ... I think you're making fun of me again." He made a gurgling noise of distress.

When an aide would pass a hat through the audience, the collection frequently would consist of a single coin, several rocks and pebbles and once a fish hook. That was the typical lecture for the man who believed in a hollow earth.

Despite the many setbacks during his lecture tours, Captain Symmes gradually converted a small band of dedicated followers. "You know, we ain't never gonna get enough money from these boobs out in the sticks," a believer informed the captain one evening. "Why not go where the money is?"

Captain Symmes then was at a table, a pile of papers in front of him. It was his custom each evening to review the "facts" to support his theory of a hollow earth. His eyes narrowed as he glanced toward his disciple. "Who has money?"

"The government."

"The United States government?"

"Correct," grinned the disciple. "All we have to do is petition Congress for money to finance the expedition. We're bound to get enough."

Captain Symmes is the only hollow earth advocate to ask the U.S. Congress for funds to develop his theories. In 1822 and 1823, petitions from the captain were quickly tabled by the legislators and left to die in some musty file cabinet. However, the eccentric

ex-Army officer was a persuasive talker and, finally, the motion was brought to a vote in 1823. His scheme commanded only 25 votes.

Undaunted, the captain again returned to the lecture circuit. The rigorous travel sapped his vitality. He was living in Hamilton, Ohio, at the time of his death in 1829. Visitors to that community can now visit a weathered monument dedicated to Captain Symmes. Commissioned by his son, it has at the top of the almost forgotten monument a hollow sphere—the symbol of Captain Symmes' hollow earth.

Although the captain died, his theories and beliefs were published in two books. James McBride, a member of the captain's entourage, wrote *Symmes' Theory of the Concentric Spheres*, which was published in 1826, three years before the captain's death. His son, Americus Symmes, published an almost identically titled volume in 1878, *The Symmes' Theory of Concentric Spheres*. Both volumes are now out of print.

Although Symmes never was taken seriously by the scientists or his lecture audiences, his theories did trigger the imagination of many writers. Under the pseudonym of Captain Seaborn, an unknown writer published a fictional description of the hollow earth, in a volume entitled *Symzonia*, in 1820. The book purported to be the diary of a sea captain, whose vessel was carried over the edge of the polar opening by a powerful current. Inside the hollow earth, the hearty adventurer and his passengers discovered a new land which they named *Symzonia*. "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," a story left unfinished by Edgar Allan Poe, contained a similar plot.

Symmes was not the first American advocate of the hollow earth theory. He was preceeded by Cotton Mather, whose book, *The Christian Philosopher*, defended the theory. Mather's arguments were de-

veloped from a little-known essay written by English astronomer Edmund Halley in 1692. Halley, one of the few men in history to have a comet named after him, also believed the earth was composed of several spheres. The shell of the outer sphere (or our surface) was several hundred miles in thickness. Halley declared that there were several smaller "planets" inside the hollow world, each abundant in plant and animal life.

Another book supporting the hollow earth theory was published by William Reed. The *Phantom of the Poles* was declared to be the first "scientific evidence" proving that "the earth is hollow" and there are "openings at the poles." At the time the book was published, in 1906, neither of the poles had been discovered and Reed claimed that this was due, largely, to the vast polar openings. He wrote:

"... The earth is either hollow or it is not. What proof do we have that it is not hollow? None at all that is positive and circumstantial. ... If it be so, and there are burning volcanoes in the interior, would you not see great lights reflected on the icebergs and the clouds, just as other great fires reflect the light? Would not great clouds of smoke and dust be seen—the same as from any other burning volcano? This is what all of the explorers have witnessed—low dark clouds rising from the ocean, or at the edge of the ice. Nansen said: 'Let us go home. What have we here to stay for? Nothing but dust, dust, dust.'

"Where could such dust come from—so bad that it was one of the great annoyances in the heart of the Arctic ocean, if it did not come from an exploding, burning volcano within the earth's interior?

"... I claim that the earth is not only hollow, but that all, or nearly all, of the explorers who spent

much of their time past the rim of the polar opening have had a look into the interior of the earth. When Lieutenant Greely was beholding the mock sun at 120 degrees latitude, he was looking into our sister world in the earth's interior. . . ."

Author Reed then posed several questions and supplied his own answers, which he claimed were the key to various mysteries of the world's polar land surface. Included were:

1. Why is the earth flattened at the poles?

"As the earth is hollow, it could not be round, is the answer. The opening to the interior would detract from its roundness in proportion to the size of the opening."

2. Why has man never reached the North or South Pole?

"Because no poles exist."

3. Why does the sun disappear in winter near the supposed location of the poles?

"During winter the sun strikes the earth obliquely near the poles. As an individual passes over the rim of the polar opening and reaches the earth's interior, he sinks inward into the hollow interior. The sun's rays are therefore cut off. They do not appear again until they strike that part of the world more directly and beam downward into the opening. This explanation is the reason for the long nights in the northlands."

4. Why do more meteors fall near the North and South Poles?

"If the earth is solid, there is no one who can answer this question. A hollow earth provides an easy answer. There is probably a volcano in eruption in the earth's interior and rocks from it are thrown into the air. This would also explain the vast quantities of dust that are frequently found in the Arctic ocean. This dust has been analyzed and is composed of

carbon and iron. It has to come from some volcano in the polar opening."

5. What produces *aurora borealis*, or the northern lights?

"This is a reflection of a fire from the interior of the earth."

6. Where are icebergs formed?

"In the warm interior of the earth. Rivers flow to the surface through the polar opening. When they flow into the Arctic circle, where the temperatures are extremely cold, the mouth of the river freezes and forms an iceberg. This will continue for several months until, due to summer's warm weather and heat from the inner earth, these icebergs are thawed loose and drift into the ocean." (It should be pointed out here that icebergs are formed from fresh, *not salt*, water. Their origin, or the method of formation has been a puzzle to science for several centuries.)

7. Explain the frequent tidal waves in the Arctic ocean.

"These are created when the gigantic icebergs leave their place of formation and plunge into the sea."

8. Explorers have often mentioned the colored snow in the Arctic? What causes it?

"There are basically two causes. Red, green and yellow snow is caused by a vegetable matter permeating the air to a thick density and falling with the snow. This vegetable matter is said to be the blossom, or pollen, of some sort of plant. As this plant is unknown on surface earth, we must conclude that it is growing in the interior of the earth and came out of the polar opening. Explorers have frequently noticed black snow and this is created by black dust, composed of carbon and iron, from an active volcano. As there are no active volcanos on the surface of the

earth near the polar regions, they must be inside the earth.

9. Why are icebergs often found with boulders, gravel, sand and rock imbedded in their icy forms?

"These objects also came from an active, erupting volcano near the location of the iceberg's birth."

In discussing how explorers might step over the "edge" of the polar hole and move down into the earth's interior, Reed explained: "Whenever the explorers pass into the exterior, they meet with such different conditions that they are puzzled to account for them. Therefore, it is no wonder that they call it a *strange land*. Everyone who has spent considerable time in the Arctic and the Antarctic circles have met with conditions unexplainable according to the theory that the earth is round and solid—but, which finds an easy explanation according to the theory that it is hollow with openings at the poles."

Reed was rightfully perplexed by reports from Arctic explorers that there were open stretches of sea near the poles. He was equally bewildered by additional accounts of warm weather in the far north, the *northward* migration of animals in the winter and the presence of birds, flowers and vegetation in a supposedly frigid land. He wrote:

"It is claimed by many that the Arctic ocean is a frozen body of water. . . . The students of Arctic travels will invariably find that explorers were turned back by open water, and in many instances, they came near to being carried out to sea and lost. . . . There are many cases of clouds of dust and smoke. Many fogs are reported in the winter time. If the earth were solid, and the ocean extended to the Pole, or connected with land surrounding the Pole, there could be nothing to produce that fog. It is caused by warm air coming from the interior of

circumstances . . . points to the existence of a north the earth. The Arctic explorer, Kane, writes: 'Some water all the year around; and the frequent water-skies, fogs, etc., that we have seen to the southwest during the winter, go to confirm the fact.'

"... One of the principal proofs that the earth is hollow is that it is warmer near the poles. If it can be shown that those who made the farthest advance toward the supposed Poles, that it is warmer, that vegetation shows more life, that game is more plentiful than farther south, then we have the reasonable right to claim that the heat comes from the interior of the earth, as that seems to be the only place from which it could come.

"In *Captain Hall's Last Trip*, we read: 'We find this a much warmer country than we expected, bare of snow and ice. We have found that the country abounds with life, and with seals, game, geese, ducks, musk-cattle, rabbits, wolves, foxes, bears, partridges, lemmings, and so forth.'

Were these "Believers" correct in their exhaustive calculations and research? Or must we label them as members of the horde of eccentrics who dabble in various areas of the pseudo-sciences? Certainly, they have presented adequate proof from records left by explorers that the polar regions are indeed a strange and mysterious land, dotted with unusual phenomena and enigmatic events. Perhaps we can only await for additional scientific exploration in the arctic regions before we may fully assess these early "believers" in the hollow earth and the Under-People who dwell within.

## CHAPTER TEN

### Questions and Answers About the Hollow Earth and the Under-people

*Are there caves entrances in America?*

In *Lost Mines and Hidden Treasure*, author Leland Lovelace reported that two prospectors discovered a series of caves in the mountains of southwestern Nevada. Inside the giant caverns were various furniture pieces of enormous size, as if they had been constructed for giants. Dishes of gold and other precious metals also were found in the caves. The author gave no information as to what the prospectors did with their treasure. Perhaps, as often occurs in rare archeological discoveries, priceless artifacts were melted down into gold ingots.

In 1904, a prospector named J.C. Brown claimed to have discovered an ancient tunnel cut into the slopes of the Cascade Mountains of California. He followed the enormous tunnel through solid rock and came into a large, cavern-like room lined with tempered copper. Gold shields and other artifacts were said to hang upon the walls. Strange drawings, undecipherable hieroglyphics, and the skeletons of giant humans were discovered in other rooms.

At that time, Brown was employed by a London mining syndicate and he did not report his discovery. Returning to Stockton, California, in 1934, Brown tried to recover the ancient treasures. The aging prospector was to lead a party of eighty people to the treasure cave on June 19, 1934, but, during the night, he vanished forever. Detectives on the Stockton police department investigated and discovered that the old prospector had not duped his followers. "He didn't collect a cent from anyone," they reported.

"Brown was a kindly old gentleman of advanced years," a Stockton physician wrote recently. "I was just a young man in 1934 and interested in occult lore and his stories were fascinating. Perhaps they were merely tall tales spun by an old man who wanted company. Yet, somehow, over the years since then I have gained new respect for Brown. I believe he was telling the truth and, for whatever reasons, decided not to reveal the exact location of the lost treasure vault of the Lemurians."

*What clues will aid in identifying an entrance into the subterranean world?*

The choral singing of men and women is frequently heard in certain parts of the world. Occultists claim these "celestial choirs" are an indication of a tunnel leading to the subterranean tunnels of the Under-People. Another signal is the *canta gallo*, or cock's crow. A South American professor has studied these strange sounds and believes the songs are made by choirs of Under-People while the cock's crow is reproduced by some electronic device.

*Have such sounds been heard in America?*

In their column *Prying into the Unknown*, in the April, 1963, issue of *Search* magazine, Will Carson and Jeannie Joy told of a couple who were exploring in the Casa Diablo region north of Bishop, California when they discovered a circular hole in the earth. The hole was approximately nine feet in diameter and the couple impulsively decided to explore the unusual formation. The hole turned into a sloping tunnel and, armed with a flashlight, the couple reported walking through the horizontal corridor that "could only have been carved by human hands."

At the end of the short passage, they discovered a huge door of solid rock. They attempted to open the door, but it did not yield. After their return to the surface, the wife turned to her husband and remarked: "Do you know, while I stood down there I heard music—the strangest, most weird music I've ever heard. But it seemed to come from everywhere at once, or inside my own head. I guess it was my imagination."

Her husband turned pale. "My God, I thought it was my imagination. I heard it, too—like music from another world!"

California's 14,380-foot Mt. Shasta is the site of numerous legends concerning white-robed, gold-sandaled "masters," Lemurian treasure caves and weird, unusual music, which floats through the Siskiyou County forests at night.

Lemuria allegedly was a highly developed civilization of Under-People on a continent in the Pacific Ocean. "The Lemurians were masters of mental telepathy. They flew aerial ships similar to what we now call 'flying saucers,'" E.T. Cannon wrote recently. "They were more advanced scientifically and metaphysically than our present world."

The Lemurian continent is claimed to have been

the land link between America and Asia, which sank suddenly during some ancient catastrophe. Legends claim a band of forewarned Lemurians fled to Mt. Shasta, near the Oregon border, and established an outpost of their vanished civilization in the heart of Mt. Shasta's volcanic caves.

Siskiyou County folklore is crammed with strange stories of bizarre, robed men, who rule the thick forests. "Legends say they used to purchase supplies from certain storekeepers in Weed, California," Cannon said. "They were a secretive group and always paid for their supplies with a plentiful supply of gold nuggets. When hunters have encountered these strange men, or women, in the forests, they instantly run away toward Mt. Shasta or, in some reports, vanish through an instant invisibility. The melodious, whistling music can still be heard in the forest on a quiet day."

A few years ago, Professor Edgar Larkin, director of the Mt. Lowe observatory, returned to his office one evening. "Larkin was maneuvering his telescope when he saw a brilliant flash of light near Mt. Shasta," Cannon reported. "He zeroed in on the illumination and was astonished to see the image of an oriental type of city, with shimmering towers, marble buildings, and golden domes. A strange white light illuminated the entire scene."

Cannon noted that many people have explored the forest in hopes of invading the alleged Lemurian stronghold. "There is a persistent rumor that a village is hidden near the eastern base of the mountain," he stated. "From there, a rock tunnel leads into an extinct volcano and a large, subterranean Lemurian city. Yet, to date, no one has stepped forward and announced they have discovered the remnants of this dead civilization."

*Assuming an interior world exists, can you define the dimensions of this subterranean land?*

Very few surface people obtain a clear understanding of the size of the cavern world. Researchers define it as a world beyond belief.

*What is the Shaver Mystery?*

Once again, Ray Palmer steps into the spotlight to command our attention with what *Life* magazine termed "the most celebrated rumpus that racked the world of science-fiction." This was the Shaver Mystery. *Life* reported:

"The Shaver Mystery concerned a race of malformed subhuman creatures called deros (from detrimental robots), who inhabited a vast system of underground cities all over the world. The original name of their habitat was Lemuria, and they had once been slaves of a Lemurian master race. But this master race had long since disappeared from the earth, leaving the ignorant and malicious deros in control of its great cities and wonderful machines. Since then the deros occupied themselves mainly in persecuting the human race who lived on the crust of the earth above them. The deros were responsible for much of the evil in the world . . . from shipwrecks to sprained ankles. . . . They often appeared on the surface of the earth and were sufficiently human in appearance to pass unnoticed in a crowd. . . . they performed most of their harassments by telepathy, rays, and other remote-control devices from their subterranean home. . . ."

From 1938 until 1949, Ray Palmer edited the Ziff-Davis fiction magazines, including *Amazing Stories*. In September, 1944, a letter from Richard S. Shaver crossed Palmer's desk with details on "an ancient language that should not be lost to the world." Palmer

and several of his colleagues experimented with the ancient alphabet, then Shaver's letter subsequently was printed in the next issue of *Amazing Stories*. Publication of the letter brought a heavy response of mail from readers and virtually every one wanted to know where Shaver had acquired his information. Palmer asked Shaver and received a 10,000-word manuscript, which was entitled "I Remember Lemuria!"

Subsequent chapters to the mystery were published in *Amazing Stories* and, in the swirling controversy, the magazine's circulation increased. Here is a brief condensation of what was revealed in the bizarre series:

In massive caves beneath the surface of the earth dwells a race of creatures called the Abandondero. They are the descendants of the "Titans" or "Atlans," who left our planet when they discovered the radioactive rays of the sun limited their life span. Those who left the earth sought another planet with an uncontaminated sun. The Abandondero were equally susceptible to the sun's radioactive poison, but they sought to escape the deadly rays by leaving the earth's surface and going into gigantic underground caverns. Perhaps these were the first Under-People.

As we know, the sun also has many beneficial properties and the refugees in the interior of the earth began to degenerate into a demoralized state. Their physical growth was stunted and their mental processes were incapable of reasoning. They became sadistic, unfeeling degenerates, whom Shaver calls the *dero*, meaning a detrimental, or degenerate, robot. Shaver's usage of the word "robot" is a designation for a living creature that is governed by a degenerate force.

Between our surface civilization and the under-

world hordes of sadistic *dero* are the *tero*, a group who have remained "good" because of beneficial rays, chemicals and medicines. Despite their advanced technology, the *tero* seldom live beyond the age of fifty and Shaver's "Warning to Future Man" declared that the *dero* are becoming more numerous. The *dero* constantly have warred against the *tero* and the benign group now is being destroyed. The great danger, according to Shaver, is that the *dero* have confiscated many of the machines of the advanced technology and they have neither the morals nor intelligence to use this equipment in a responsible manner.

These machines include such devices as "vision ray machines," which can penetrate the earth's crust and pick up televised scenes from all over the world. There are teleportation units, which instantly transport the individual from one spot to another. A favorite device is a mental-image machine, which creates life-like, "solid" illusions and dreams for the warped minds of the deadly *dero*. A "stim" machine rejuvenates the sexual virility of the *dero*, a group said to be notorious for their marathon sexual orgies. Death rays, aerial craft known to us as "flying saucers" and healing-ray machines all have fallen into the grasp of the *dero*. Although the *dero* are near-idiot and not capable of maintaining such equipment, the ancient Atlans constructed the machines with such perfect engineering that all are in technical working order and will remain usable for many more centuries.

Those of us who live on the earth's surface are the descendants of the Abandondero groups that were unable to find refuge in the inner world during the mass migration. A large portion of the surface group degenerated into prehistoric cavemen; a few of the heartiest people survived, developed a tolerance to

the sun's rays and seeded the various surface races. Although we have dim memories—so-called “racial thoughts”—of Atlantis, Lemuria and the giants who trod the earth, the passing centuries have prevented our minds from recapturing knowledge of the ancient glories.

Although we have forgotten the *dero*, he delights in creating chaos for the surface world. The sadistic little morons giggle maniacally when they start a war, cause a horrible accident, or devise a new method of tormenting *Homo sapiens*. When they have nothing else to do, the *dero* will aim their “dream mech” ray machines at a sleeping surface dwellers and take enormous delight in creating nightmares in unsuspecting victims.

Those who place a certain amount of credence in the Shaver Mystery also are convinced that the evil little *deros* may cause mental illness. “This would explain many sudden nervous breakdowns in people, the irrational behavior of individuals who suddenly pick up a gun and stalk through their neighborhoods in a murderous rampage,” a Shaver advocate says. “The irrational acts of mankind, from assassinations to family arguments, become rational when viewed in the context of the *dero* and their ray machines.”

Others claim the only mental illness that can be attributed to the *dero* is in the people who believe such outlandish stories. “Look at these people sometime,” urged a PhD.-carrying scientist who has investigated the occult. “They’re absolute paranoids. The *dero* cult of believers is composed of weak, irrationally-minded people, who refuse to accept the responsibility for their own failure and the natural flow of history. They cannot drive a Cadillac or pay their bills. It isn’t their fault, or an act of personal judgment. Their illnesses of the mind, or body, are caused

by the 'dero.' The nasty little devils are certainly a dandy scapegoat.

"Or, some people believe in a hollow earth, but find it absolutely incredible that fine young men like John Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy, or Martin Luther King can be cut down by an assassin's bullet," the scientist continued. "These chaps find it absolutely impossible to believe in the bumbling, idiotic systems of mankind. So, they take the ills of the world, stuff them into a black bag and swear: 'The dero did it!'"

The Shaver Mystery, like the hollow earth hypothesis, can be accepted or rejected by the reader according to his personal beliefs. There are massive mounds of circumstantial evidence to support a theory of a hollow earth inhabited by The Under-People. There are very few facts.

What do you believe?

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